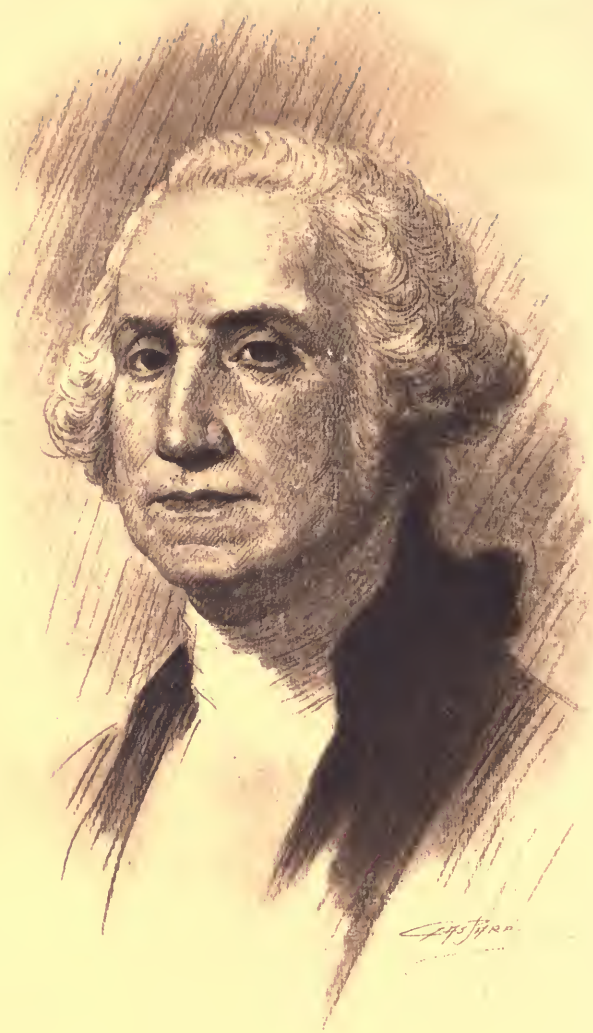

# Little Journeys

To the Homes of

American Statesmen

Book One

MIRIAM EDITION

Written by Elbert Hubbard and done into a Book by The Roycrofters at their Shop, at East Aurora, New York. mcmxi

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# GEORGE WASHINGTON

HE left as fair a reputation as ever belonged to a human character. . . . Midst all the sorrowings that are mingled on this melancholy occasion I venture to assert that none could have felt his death with more regret than I, because no one had higher opinions of his worth. . . . There is this consolation, though, to be drawn, that while living no man could be more esteemed, and since dead none is more lamented.

—Washington, on the death of Tilghman.

# GEORGE WASHINGTON

DEAN STANLEY has said that all the gods of ancient mythology were once men, and he traces for us the evolution of a man into a hero, the hero into a demigod, and the demigod into a divinity. By a slow process, the natural man is divested of all our common faults and frailties; he is clothed with superhuman attributes and declared a being separate and apart, and is lost to us in the clouds.

When Greenough carved that statue of Washington that sits facing the Capitol, he unwittingly showed how a man may be transformed into a Jove.

But the world has reached a point when to be human is no longer a cause for apology; we recognize that the human, in degree, comprehends the divine.

Jove inspires fear, but to Washington we pay the tribute of affection ✍ Beings hopelessly separated from us are not ours: a god we can not love, a man we may. We know Washington as well as it is possible to know any man. We know him better, far better, than the people who lived in the very household with him. We have his diary showing "how and where I spent my time"; we have his journal, his account-books (and no

man was ever a more painstaking accountant); we have hundreds of his letters, and his own copies and first drafts of hundreds of others, the originals of which have been lost or destroyed.

From these, with contemporary history, we are able to make up a close estimate of the man; and we find him human—splendidly human. By his books of accounts we find that he was often imposed upon, that he loaned thousands of dollars to people who had no expectation of paying; and in his last will, written with his own hand, we find him canceling these debts, and making bequests to scores of relatives; giving freedom to his slaves, and acknowledging his obligation to servants and various other obscure persons. He was a man in very sooth. He was a man in that he had in him the appetites, the ambitions, the desires of a man. Stewart, the artist, has said, "All of his features were indications of the strongest and most ungovernable passions, and had he been born in the forest, he would have been the fiercest man among savage tribes."

But over the sleeping volcano of his temper he kept watch and ward, until his habit became one of gentleness, generosity and shining, simple truth; and, behind all, we behold his unswerving purpose and steadfast strength.

And so the object of this sketch will be, not to show the superhuman Washington, the Washington set apart, but to give a glimpse of the man Washington who aspired, feared, hoped, loved and bravely died.

THE first biographer of George Washington was the Reverend Mason L. Weems. If you have a copy of Weems' "Life of Washington," you had better wrap it in chamois and place it away for your heirs, for some time it will command a price. Fifty editions of Weems' book were printed, and in its day no other volume approached it in point of popularity. In American literature, Weems stood first. To Weems are we indebted for the hatchet tale, the story of the colt that was broken and killed in the process, and all those other fine romances of Washington's youth. Weems' literary style reveals the very acme of that vicious quality of untruth to be found in the old-time Sunday-school books. Weems mustered all the "Little Willie" stories he could find, and attached to them Washington's name, claiming to write for "the Betterment of the Young," as if in dealing with the young we should carefully conceal the truth. Possibly Washington could not tell a lie, but Weems was not thus handicapped.

Under a mass of silly moralizing, he nearly buried the real Washington, giving us instead a priggish, punk youth, and a Madame Tussaud, full-dress general, with a wax-works manner and a wooden dignity.

Happily, we have now come to a time when such authors as Mason L. Weems and John S. C. Abbott are no longer accepted as final authorities. We do not discard them, but, like Samuel Pepys, they are retained that they may contribute to the gaiety of nations.

Various violent efforts have been made in days agone to show that Washington was of "a noble line"—as if the

natural nobility of the man needed a reason—forgetful that we are all sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be. But Burke's "Peerage" lends no light, and the careful, unprejudiced, patient search of recent years finds only the blue blood of the common people.

Washington himself said that in his opinion the history of his ancestors "was of small moment and a subject to which, I confess, I have paid little attention."

He had a bookplate and he had also a coat of arms on his carriage-door. The Reverend Mr. Weems has described Washington's bookplate thus: "Argent, two bars gules in chief, three mullets of the second. Crest, a raven with wings, indorsed proper, issuing out of a ducal coronet, or."

MARY BALL was the second wife of Augustine Washington. In his will the good man describes this marriage, evidently with a wink, as "my second Venture." And it is sad to remember that he did not live to know that his "Venture" made America his debtor. The success of the union seems pretty good argument in favor of widowers marrying. There were four children in the family, the oldest nearly full grown, when Mary Ball came to take charge of the household. She was twenty-seven, her husband ten years older. They were married March Sixth, Seventeen Hundred Thirty-one, and on February Twenty-second of the following year was born a man child and they named him George.

The Washingtons were plain, hard-working people—land-poor. They lived in a small house that had three rooms downstairs and an attic, where the children slept, and bumped their heads against the rafters if they sat up quickly in bed ❧ ❧

Washington got his sterling qualities from the Ball family, and not from the tribe of Washington. George was endowed by his mother with her own splendid health and with all the sturdy Spartan virtues of her mind. In features and in mental characteristics, he resembled her very closely. There were six children born to her in all, but the five have been nearly lost sight of in the splendid success of the firstborn. ¶ I have used the word "Spartan" advisedly. Upon her children, the mother of Washington lavished no soft sentimentality. A woman who cooked, weaved, spun, washed, made the clothes, and looked after a big family in pioneer

times had her work cut out for her. The children of Mary Washington obeyed her, and when told to do a thing never stopped to ask why—and the same fact may be said of the father

The girls wore linsey-woolsey dresses, and the boys tow suits that consisted of two pieces, which in Winter were further added to by hat and boots. If the weather was very cold, the suits were simply duplicated—a boy wearing two or three pairs of trousers instead of one.

The mother was the first one up in the morning, the last one to go to rest at night. If a youngster kicked off the covers in his sleep and had a coughing spell, she arose and looked after him. Were any sick, she not only ministered to them, but often watched away the long dragging hours of the night.

And I have noticed that these sturdy mothers in Israel who so willingly give their lives that others may live, often find vent for overwrought feelings by scolding; and I, for one, cheerfully grant them the privilege. Washington's mother scolded and grumbled to the day of her death. She also sought solace by smoking a pipe. And this reminds me that a noted specialist in neurotics has recently said that if women would use the weed moderately, tired nerves would find repose and nervous prostration would be a luxury unknown. Not being much of a smoker myself, and knowing nothing about the subject, I give the item for what it is worth

All the sterling, classic virtues of industry, frugality and truth-telling were inculcated by this excellent mother, and

her strong commonsense made its indelible impress upon the mind of her son.

Mary Washington always regarded George's judgment with a little suspicion; she never came to think of him as a full-grown man; to her he was only a big boy. Hence, she would chide him and criticize his actions in a way that often made him very uncomfortable. During the Revolutionary War she followed his record closely; when he succeeded she only smiled, said something that sounded like "I told you so," and calmly filled her pipe; when he was repulsed she was never cast down. She foresaw that he would be made President, and thought "he would do as well as anybody."

Once, she complained to him of her house in Fredericksburg; he wrote in answer, gently but plainly, that her habits of life were not such as would be acceptable at Mount Vernon. And to this she replied that she had never expected or intended to go to Mount Vernon, and moreover would not, no matter how much urged—a declination without an invitation that must have caused the son a grim smile. In her nature was a goodly trace of savage stoicism that took a satisfaction in concealing the joy she felt in her son's achievement; for that her life was all bound up in his we have good evidence. Washington looked after her wants and supplied her with everything she needed, and, as these things often came through third parties, it is pretty certain she did not know the source; at any rate she accepted everything quite as her due, and shows a half-comic ingratitude that is very fine.

When Washington started for New York to be inaugurated

President, he stopped to see her. She donned a new white cap and a clean apron in honor of the visit, remarking to a neighbor woman who dropped in that she supposed "these great folks expected something a little extra." It was the last meeting of mother and son. She was eighty-three at that time and "her boy" fifty-five. She died not long after.

¶ Samuel Washington, the brother two years younger than George, has been described as "small, sandy-whiskered, shrewd and glib." Samuel was married five times. Some of the wives he deserted and others deserted him, and two of them died, thus leaving him twice a sad, lorn widower, from which condition he quickly extricated himself. He was always in financial straits and often appealed to his brother George for loans. In Seventeen Hundred Eighty-one, we find George Washington writing to his brother John, "In God's name! how has Samuel managed to get himself so enormously in debt?" The remark sounds a little like that of Samuel Johnson, who on hearing that Goldsmith was owing four hundred pounds exclaimed, "Was ever poet so trusted before?"

Washington's ledger shows that he advanced his brother Samuel two thousand dollars, "to be paid back without interest." But Samuel's ship never came in, and in Washington's will we find the debt graciously and gracefully discharged

Thornton Washington, a son of Samuel, was given a place in the English army at George Washington's request; and two other sons of Samuel were sent to school at his expense. One of the boys once ran away and was followed by his

uncle George, who carried a goodly birch with intent to "give him what he deserved"; but after catching the lad the uncle's heart melted, and he took the runaway back into favor. An entry in Washington's journal shows that the children of his brother Samuel cost him fully five thousand dollars.

Harriot, one of the daughters of Samuel, lived in the household at Mount Vernon and evidently was a great cross, for we find Washington pleading as an excuse for her frivolity that "she was not brung up right, she has no disposition, and takes no care of her clothes, which are dabbed about in every corner, and the best are always in use. She costs me enough!"

And this was about as near a complaint as the Father of his Country, and the father of all his poor relations, ever made. In his ledger we find this item: "By Miss Harriot Washington, gave her to buy wedding-clothes, $100.00." It supplied the great man joy to write that line, for it was the last of Harriot. He furnished a fine wedding for her, and all the servants had a holiday, and Harriot and her unknown lover were happy ever afterwards—so far as we know

From Seventeen Hundred Fifty to Seventeen Hundred Fifty-nine, Washington was a soldier on the frontier, leaving Mount Vernon and all his business in charge of his brother John Between these two there was a genuine bond of affection. To George this brother was always, "Dear Jack," and when John married, George sends "respectful greetings to your Lady," and afterwards "love to the little ones from

their Uncle." And in one of the dark hours of the Revolution, George writes from New Jersey to this brother: "God grant you health and happiness. Nothing in this world would add so to mine as to be near you." John died in Seventeen Hundred Eighty-seven, and the President of the United States writes in simple, undisguised grief of "the death of my beloved brother."

John's eldest son, Bushrod, was Washington's favorite nephew. He took a lively interest in the boy's career, and taking him to Philadelphia placed him in the law-office of Judge James Wilson. He supplied Bushrod with funds, and wrote him many affectionate letters of advice, and several times made him a companion on journeys. The boy proved worthy of it all, and developed into a strong and manly man—quite the best of all Washington's kinsfolk. In later years, we find Washington asking his advice in legal matters and excusing himself for being such a "troublesome, non-paying client." In his will the "Honorable Bushrod Washington" is named as one of the executors, and to him Washington left his library and all his private papers, besides a share in the estate. Such confidence was a fitting good-by from the great and loving heart of a father to a son full worthy of the highest trust.

Of Washington's relations with his brother Charles, we know but little. Charles was a plain, simple man who worked hard and raised a big family. In his will Washington remembers them all, and one of the sons of Charles we know was appointed to a position upon Lafayette's staff on Washington's request.

The only one of Washington's family that resembled him closely was his sister Betty. The contour of her face was almost identical with his, and she was so proud of it that she often wore her hair in a queue and donned his hat and sword for the amusement of visitors. Betty married Fielding Lewis, and two of her sons acted as private secretaries to Washington while he was President. One of these sons—Lawrence Lewis—married Nellie Custis, the adopted daughter of Washington and granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, and the couple, by Washington's will, became part-owners of Mount Vernon. The man who can figure out the exact relationship of Nellie Custis' children to Washington deserves a medal

We do not know much of Washington's father: if he exerted any special influence on his children we do not know it. He died when George was eleven years old, and the boy then went to live at the "Hunting Creek Place" with his half-brother Lawrence, that he might attend school. Lawrence had served in the English navy under Admiral Vernon, and, in honor of his chief, changed the name of his home and called it Mount Vernon. Mount Vernon then consisted of twenty-five hundred acres, mostly a tangle of forest, with a small house and log stables. The tract had descended to Lawrence from his father, with provision that it should fall to George if Lawrence died without issue. Lawrence married, and when he died, aged thirty-two, he left a daughter, Mildred, who died two years later. Mount Vernon then passed to George Washington, aged twenty-one, but not without a protest from the widow of Lawrence, who evidently

was paid not to take the matter into the courts. Washington owned Mount Vernon for forty-six years, just one-half of which time was given to the service of his country. It was the only place he ever called "home," and there he sleeps.

WHEN Washington was fourteen, his schooldays were over. Of his youth we know but little. He was not precocious, although physically he developed early; but there was no reason why the neighbors should keep tab on him and record anecdotes. They had boys of their own just as promising. He was tall and slender, long-armed, with large, bony hands and feet, very strong, a daring horseman, a good wrestler, and, living on the banks of a river, he became, as all healthy boys must, a good swimmer ❧ ❧

His mission among the Indians in his twenty-first year was largely successful through the personal admiration he excited among the savages. In poise, he was equal to their best, and ever being a bit proud, even if not vain, he dressed for the occasion in full Indian regalia, minus only the war-paint ❧ The Indians at once recognized his nobility, and named him "Conotancarius"—Plunderer of Villages—and suggested that he take to wife an Indian maiden, and remain with them as chief.

When he returned home, he wrote to the Indian agent, announcing his safe arrival and sending greetings to the Indians. "Tell them," he says, "how happy it would make Conotancarius to see them, and take them by the hand." ¶ His wish was gratified, for the Indians took him at his word, and fifty of them came to him, saying, "Since you could not come and live with us, we have come to live with you." They camped on the green in front of the residence, and proceeded to inspect every room in the house, tested all the whisky they could find, appropriated eatables, and

were only induced to depart after all the bedclothes had been dyed red, and a blanket or a quilt presented to each. ¶ Throughout his life Washington had a very tender spot in his heart for women. At sixteen, he writes with all a youth's solemnity of "a hurt of the heart uncurable." And from that time forward there is ever some "Faire Mayde" to be seen in the shadow. In fact, Washington got along with women much better than with men; with men he was often diffident and awkward, illy concealing his uneasiness behind a forced dignity; but he knew that women admired him, and with them he was at ease. When he made that first Western trip, carrying a message to the French, he turns aside to call on the Indian princess, Aliguippa. In his journal, he says, "presented her a Blanket and a Bottle of Rum, which latter was thought the much best Present of the 2."

In his expense-account we find items like these: "Treating the ladys 2 shillings." "Present for Polly 5 shillings." "My share for Music at the Dance 3 shillings." "Lost at Loo 5 shillings." In fact, like most Episcopalians, Washington danced and played cards. His favorite game seems to have been "Loo"; and he generally played for small stakes, and when playing with "the Ladys" usually lost, whether purposely or because otherwise absorbed, we know not. ¶ In Seventeen Hundred Fifty-six, he made a horseback journey on military business to Boston, stopping a week going and on the way back at New York. He spent the time at the house of a former Virginian, Beverly Robinson, who had married Susannah Philipse, daughter of Frederick

Philipse, one of the rich men of Manhattan. In the household was a young woman, Mary Philipse, sister of the hostess. She was older than Washington, educated, and had seen much more of polite life than he. The tall, young Virginian, fresh from the frontier, where he had had horses shot under him, excited the interest of Mary Philipse, and Washington, innocent but ardent, mistook this natural curiosity for a softer sentiment and proposed on the spot. As soon as the lady got her breath he was let down very gently.

Two years afterwards Mary Philipse married Colonel Roger Morris, in the king's service, and cards were duly sent to Mount Vernon. But the whirligig of time equalizes all things, and, in Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six, General Washington, Commander of the Continental Army, occupied the mansion of Colonel Morris, the Colonel and his lady being fugitive Tories ✍ In his diary, Washington records this significant item: "Dined at the house lately Colonel Roger Morris confiscated and the occupation of a common Farmer." ✍ ✍

Washington always attributed his defeat at the hands of Mary Philipse to being too precipitate and "not waiting until ye ladye was in ye mood." But two years later we find him being even more hasty and this time with success, which proves that all signs fail in dry weather, and some things are possible as well as others. He was on his way to Williamsburg to consult physicians and stopped at the residence of Mrs. Daniel Parke Custis to make a short call—was pressed to remain to tea, did so, proposed marriage, and was graciously accepted. We have a beautiful steel engraving that

immortalizes this visit, showing Washington's horse impatiently waiting at the door.

Mrs. Custis was a widow with two children. She was twenty-six, and the same age as Washington within three months. Her husband had died seven months before. In Washington's cash account for May, Seventeen Hundred Fifty-eight, is an item, "one Engagement Ring £2.16.0."

The happy couple were married eight months later, and we find Mrs. Washington explaining to a friend that her reason for the somewhat hasty union was that her estate was getting in a bad way and a man was needed to look after it. Our actions are usually right, but the reasons we give seldom are; but in this case no doubt "a man was needed," for the widow had much property, and we can not but congratulate Martha Custis on her choice of "a man." She owned fifteen thousand acres of land, many lots in the city of Williamsburg, two hundred negroes, and some money on bond; all the property being worth over one hundred thousand dollars—a very large amount for those days ❧ Directly after the wedding, the couple moved to Mount Vernon, taking a good many of the slaves with them. Shortly after, arrangements were under way to rebuild the house, and the plans that finally developed into the present mansion were begun ❧ ❧

Washington's letters and diary contain very few references to his wife, and none of the many visitors to Mount Vernon took pains to testify either to her wit or to her intellect. We know that the housekeeping at Mount Vernon proved too much for her ability, and that a woman was hired to oversee

the household. And in this reference a complaint is found from the General that "housekeeper has done gone and left things in confusion." He had his troubles.

Martha's education was not equal to writing a presentable letter, for we find that her husband wrote the first draft of all important missives that it was necessary for her to send, and she copied them even to his mistakes in spelling. Very patient was he about this, and even when he was President and harried constantly we find him stopping to acknowledge for her "an invitation to take some Tea," and at the bottom of the sheet adding a pious bit of finesse, thus: "The President requests me to send his compliments and only regrets that the pressure of affairs compels him to forego the Pleasure of seeing you."

After Washington's death, his wife destroyed the letters he had written her—many hundred in number—an offense the world is not yet quite willing to forget, even though it has forgiven.

ALTHOUGH we have been told that when Washington was six years old he could not tell a lie, yet he afterwards partially overcame the disability ✍ On one occasion he writes to a friend that the mosquitoes of New Jersey "can bite through the thickest boot," and though a contemporary clergyman, greatly flurried, explains that he meant "stocking," we insist that the statement shall stand as the Father of his Country expressed it. Washington also records without a blush, "I announced that I would leave at 8 and then immediately gave private Orders to go at 5, so to avoid the Throng." Another time when he discharged an overseer for incompetency he lessened the pain of parting by writing for the fellow "a Character."

When he went to Boston and was named as Commander of the Army, his chief concern seemed to be how he would make peace with Martha. Ho! ye married men! do you understand the situation? He was to be away for a year, two, or possibly three, and his wife did not have an inkling of it. Now, he must break the news to her.

As plainly shown by Cabot Lodge and other historians, there was much rivalry for the office, and it was only allotted to the South as a political deal after much bickering. Washington had been a passive but very willing candidate, and after a struggle his friends secured him the prize—and now what to do with Martha! Writing to her, among other things he says, "You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you in the most solemn manner that so far from seeking the appointment I have done all in my power to avoid it." The man who will not fabricate a bit in order to

keep peace with the wife of his bosom is not much of a man. But "Patsy's" objections were overcome, and beyond a few chidings and sundry complainings, she did nothing to block the great game of war.

At Princeton, Washington ordered campfires to be built along the brow of a hill for a mile, and when the fires were well lighted, he withdrew his army, marched around to the other side, and surprised the enemy at daylight. At Brooklyn, he used masked batteries, and presented a fierce row of round, black spots painted on canvas that, from the city, looked like the mouths of cannon at which men seek the bauble reputation. It is said he also sent a note threatening to fire these sham cannon, on receiving which the enemy hastily moved beyond range. Perceiving afterwards that they had been imposed upon, the brave English sent word to "shoot and be damned." Evidently, Washington considered that all things are fair in love and war.

Washington talked but little, and his usual air was one of melancholy that stopped just short of sadness. All this, with the firmness of his features and the dignity of his carriage, gave the impression of sternness and severity. And these things gave rise to the popular conception that he had small sense of humor; yet he surely was fond of a quiet smile.

At one time, Congress insisted that a standing army of five thousand men was too large; Washington replied that if England would agree never to invade this country with more than three thousand men, he would be perfectly willing that our army should be reduced to four thousand.

¶ When the King of Spain, knowing he was a farmer, thoughtfully sent him a present of a jackass, Washington proposed naming the animal in honor of the donor; and in writing to friends about the present, draws invidious comparisons between the gift and the giver. Evidently, the joke pleased him, for he repeats it in different letters; thus showing how, when he sat down to clear his desk of correspondence, he economized energy by following a form. So, we now find letters that are almost identical, even to jokes, sent to persons in South Carolina and in Massachusetts. Doubtless the good man thought they would never be compared, for how could he foresee that an autograph-dealer in New York would eventually catalog them at twenty-two dollars fifty cents each, or that a very proper but half-affectionate missive of his to a Faire Ladye would be sold by her great-granddaughter for fifty dollars?

In Seventeen Hundred Ninety-three there were on the Mount Vernon plantation three hundred seventy head of cattle, and Washington appends to the report a sad regret that, with all this number of horned beasts, he yet has to buy butter. There is also a fine, grim humor shown in the incident of a flag of truce coming in at New York, bearing a message from General Howe, addressed to "Mr. Washington." The General took the letter from the hand of the redcoat, glanced at the superscription, and said: "Why, this letter is not for me! It is directed to a planter in Virginia. I 'll keep it and give it to him at the end of the war." Then, cramming the letter into his pocket, he ordered the flag of truce out of the lines and directed the gunners to stand by.

In an hour, another letter came back addressed to "His Excellency, General Washington."

It was not long after this that a soldier brought to Washington a dog that had been found wearing a collar with the name of General Howe engraved on it. Washington returned the dog by a special messenger with a note reading, "General Washington sends his compliments to General Howe, and begs to return one dog that evidently belongs to him." In this instance, I am inclined to think that Washington acted in sober good faith, but was the victim of a practical joke on the part of one of his aides.

Another remark that sounds like a joke, but perhaps was not one, was when, on taking command of the army at Boston, the General writes to his lifelong friend, Doctor Craik, asking what he can do for him, and adding a sentiment still in the air: "But these Massachusetts people suffer nothing to go by them that they can lay their hands on." In another letter he pays his compliments to Connecticut thus: "Their impecunious meanness surpasses belief."

When Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, Washington refused to humiliate him and his officers by accepting their swords. He treated Cornwallis as his guest, and even "gave a dinner in his honor." At this dinner, Rochambeau being asked for a toast gave "The United States." Washington proposed "The King of France." Cornwallis merely gave "The King," and Washington, putting the toast, expressed it as Cornwallis intended, "The King of England," and added a sentiment of his own that made even Cornwallis laugh—"May he stay there!" Washington's treatment of

Cornwallis made him a lifelong friend. Many years after, when Cornwallis was Governor-General of India, he sent a message to his old antagonist, wishing him "prosperity and enjoyment," adding, "As for myself, I am yet in troubled waters."

ONCE in a century, possibly, a being is born who possesses a transcendent insight, and him we call a "genius." Shakespeare, for instance, to whom all knowledge lay open; Joan of Arc; the artist Turner; Swedenborg, the mystic—these are the men who know a royal road to geometry; but we may safely leave them out of account when we deal with the builders of a State, for among statesmen there are no geniuses.

Nobody knows just what a genius is or what he may do next; he boils at an unknown temperature, and often explodes at a touch. He is uncertain and therefore unsafe. His best results are conjured forth, but no man has yet conjured forth a Nation—it is all slow, patient, painstaking work along mathematical lines. Washington was a mathematician and therefore not a genius. We call him a great man, but his greatness was of that sort in which we all can share; his virtues were of a kind that, in degree, we too may possess. Any man who succeeds in a legitimate business works with the same tools that Washington used. Washington was human. We know the man; we understand him; we comprehend how he succeeded, for with him there were no tricks, no legerdemain, no secrets. He is very near to us.

Washington is indeed first in the hearts of his countrymen. Washington has no detractors. There may come a time when another will take first place in the affections of the people, but that time is not yet ripe. Lincoln stood between men who now live and the prizes they coveted; thousands still tread the earth whom he benefited, and neither class can forgive, for they are of clay. But all those who lived when

Washington lived are gone; not one survives; even the last body-servant, who confused memory with hearsay, has departed babbling to his rest.

We know all of Washington we will ever know; there are no more documents to present, no partisan witnesses to examine, no prejudices to remove. His purity of purpose stands unimpeached; his steadfast earnestness and sterling honesty are our priceless examples.

We love the man.

We call him Father.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

# BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

I WILL speak ill of no man, not even in matter of truth; but rather excuse the faults I hear charged upon others, and upon proper occasion speak all the good I know of everybody.—Franklin's Journal.

# BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was twelve years old. He was large and strong and fat and good-natured, and had a full-moon face and red cheeks that made him look like a country bumpkin. He was born in Boston within twenty yards of the church called "Old South," but the Franklins now lived at the corner of Congress and Hanover Streets, where to this day there swings in the breeze a gilded ball, and on it the legend, "Josiah Franklin, Soap-Boiler." ¶ Benjamin was the fifteenth child in the family; and several having grown to maturity and flown, there were thirteen at the table when little Ben first sat in the high chair. But the Franklins were not superstitious, and if little Ben ever prayed that another would be born, just for luck, we know nothing of it. His mother loved him very much and indulged him in many ways, for he was always her baby boy, but the father thought that because he was good-natured he was also lazy and should be disciplined.

Once upon a time the father was packing a barrel of beef in the cellar, and Ben was helping him, and as the father always said grace at table, the boy suggested he ask a blessing, once for all, on the barrel

of beef and thus economize breath. But economics along that line did not appeal to Josiah Franklin, for this was early in Seventeen Hundred Eighteen, and Josiah was a Presbyterian and lived in Boston.

The boy was not religious, for he never "went forward," and only went to church because he had to, and read "Plutarch's Lives" with much more relish than he did "Saint's Rest." But he had great curiosity and asked questions until his mother would say, "Goodness gracious, go and play!" ¶ And as the boy was n't very religious or very fond of work, his father and mother decided that there were only two careers open for him: the mother proposed that he be made a preacher, but his father said, send him to sea. To go to sea under a good strict captain would discipline him, and to send him off and put him under the care of the Reverend Doctor Thirdly would answer the same purpose—which course should be pursued? But Pallas Athene, who was to watch over this lad's destinies all through life, preserved him from either.

His parents' aspirations extended even to his becoming captain of a schooner or pastor of the First Church at Roxbury. And no doubt he could have sailed the schooner around the globe in safety, or filled the pulpit with a degree of power that would have caused consternation to reign in the heart of every other preacher in town; but Fate saved him that he might take the Ship of State, when she threatened to strand on the rocks of adversity, and pilot her into peaceful waters, and to preach such sermons to America that their eloquence still moves us to better things.

Parents think that what they say about their children goes, and once in an awfully long time it does, but the men who become great and learned usually do so in spite of their parents—which remark was first made by Martin Luther, but need not be discredited on that account.

Ben's oldest brother was James. Now, James was nearly forty; he was tall and slender, stooped a little, and had sandy whiskers, and a nervous cough, and positive ideas on many subjects—one of which was that he was a printer. His apprentice, or "devil," had left him, because the devil did not like to be cuffed whenever the compositor shuffled his fonts. James needed another apprentice, and proposed to take his younger brother and make a man of him if the old folks were willing. The old folks were willing and Ben was duly bound by law to his brother, agreeing to serve him faithfully as Jacob served Laban for seven years and two years more.

Science has explained many things, but it has not yet told why it sometimes happens that when seventeen eggs are hatched, the brood will consist of sixteen barnyard fowls and one eagle.

James Franklin was a man of small capacity, whimsical, jealous and arbitrary. But if he cuffed his apprentice Benjamin when the compositor blundered, and when he did n't, it was his legal right; and the master who did not occasionally kick his apprentices was considered derelict to duty. The boy ran errands, cleaned the presses, swept the shop, tied up bundles, did the tasks that no one else would do; and incidentally "learned the case." Then he set type, and after

a while ran a press ❧ And in those days a printer ranked above a common mechanic. A man who was a printer was a literary man, as were the master printers of London and Venice. A printer was a man of taste ❧ All editors were printers, and usually composed the matter as they set it up in type. Thus we now have a room called a "composing-room," a "composing-stick," etc. People once addressed "Mr. Printer," not Mr. Editor, and when they met "Mr. Printer" on the street removed their hats—but not in Philadelphia.

Young Franklin felt a proper degree of pride in his work, if not vanity. In fact, he himself has said that vanity is a good thing, and whenever he saw it come flaunting down the street, always made way, knowing that there was virtue somewhere back of it—out of sight perhaps, but still there. James, being a brother, had no confidence in Ben's intellect, so when Ben wrote short articles on this and that, he tucked them under the door so that James would find them in the morning. James showed these articles to his friends, and they all voted them very fine, and concluded they must have been written by Doctor So-and-So, Ph. D., who, like Lord Bacon, was a very modest man and did not care to see his name in print.

Yet, by and by, it came out who it was that wrote the anonymous "hot stuff," and then James did not think it was quite so good as he at first thought, and moreover, declared he knew whose it was all the time. Ben was eighteen and had read Montaigne, and Collins, and Shaftesbury, and Hume. When he wrote he expressed thoughts that then were con-

sidered very dreadful, but that can now be heard proclaimed even in good orthodox churches. But Ben had wit and to spare, and he leveled it at government officials and preachers, and these gentlemen did not relish the jokes—people seldom relish jokes at their own expense—and they sought to suppress the newspaper that the Franklin brothers published.

¶ The blame for all the trouble James heaped upon Benjamin, and all the credit for success he took to himself. James declared that Ben had the big head—and he probably was right; but he forgot that the big head, like mumps and measles and everything else in life, is self-limiting and good in its way. So, to teach Ben his proper place, James reminded him that he was only an apprentice, with three years yet to serve, and that he should be seen seldom and not heard all the time, and that if he ran away he would send a constable after him and fetch him back.

Ben evidently had a mind open to suggestive influences, for the remark about running away prompted him to do so. He sold some of his books and got himself secreted on board a ship about to sail for New York.

Arriving at New York, in three days he found the broad-beamed Dutch had small use for printers and no special admiration for the art preservative; and he started for Philadelphia.

Every one knows how he landed in a small boat at the foot of Market Street with only a few coppers in his pocket, and made his way to a bakeshop and asked for a threepenny loaf of bread, and being told they had no threepenny loaves, then asked for threepenny's worth of any kind of bread, and

was given three loaves. Where is the man who in a strange land has not suffered rather than reveal his ignorance before a shopkeeper? When I was first in England and could not compute readily in shillings and pence, I would toss out a gold piece when I made a purchase and assume a 'igh and 'aughty mien. And that Philadelphia baker probably died in blissful ignorance of the fact that the youth who was to be America's pride bought from him three loaves of bread when he wanted only one.

The runaway Ben had a downy beard all over his face, and as he took his three loaves and walked up Market Street, with a loaf under each arm, munching on the third, he was smiled upon in merry mirth by the buxom Deborah Read, as she stood in the doorway of her father's house. Yet Franklin got even with her, for some months after, he went back that way and courted her, and she grew to love him, and they "exchanged promises," he says. After some months of work and love-making, Franklin sailed away to England on a wild-goose chase. He promised to return soon and make Deborah his wife. But he wrote only one solitary letter to the broken-hearted girl and did not come back for nearly two years.

TIME is the great avenger as well as educator; only the education is usually deferred until it no longer avails in this incarnation, and is valuable only for advice—and nobody wants advice. Deathbed repentances may be legal-tender for salvation in another world, but for this they are below par, and regeneration that is postponed until the man has no further capacity to sin is little better. For sin is only perverted power, and the man without capacity to sin neither has ability to do good—is n't that so? His soul is a Dead Sea that supports neither amœba nor fish, neither noxious bacilli nor useful life. Happy is the man who conserves his God-given power until wisdom and not passion shall direct it. So, the younger in life a man makes the resolve to turn and live, the better for that man and the better for the world.

Once upon a time Carlyle took Milburn, the blind preacher, out on to Chelsea embankment and showed the sightless man where Franklin plunged into the Thames and swam to Blackfriars Bridge. "He might have stayed here," said Thomas Carlyle, "and become a swimming-teacher, but God had other work for him!" Franklin had many opportunities to stop and become a victim of arrested development, but he never embraced the occasion. He could have stayed in Boston and been a humdrum preacher, or a thrifty sea-captain, or an ordinary printer; or he could have remained in London, and been, like his friend Ralph, a clever writer of doggerel, and a supporter of the political party that would pay the most.

Benjamin Franklin was twenty years old when he returned

from England. The ship was beaten back by headwinds and blown out of her course by blizzards, and becalmed at times, so it took eighty-two days to make the voyage. A worthy old clergyman tells me this was so ordained and ordered that Benjamin might have time to meditate on the follies of youth and shape his course for the future, and I do not argue the case, for I am quite willing to admit that my friend, the clergyman, has the facts.

Yes, we must be "converted," "born again," "regenerated," or whatever you may be pleased to call it. Sometimes—very often—it is love that reforms a man, sometimes sickness, sometimes sore bereavement. Doctor Talmage says that with Saint Paul it was a sunstroke, and this may be so, for surely Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus to persecute Christians was not in love. Love forgives to seventy times seven and persecutes nobody.

We do not know just what it was that turned Franklin; he had tried folly—we know that—and he just seems to have anticipated Browning and concluded:

It 's wiser being good than bad;
It 's safer being meek than fierce;
It 's better being sane than mad.

On this voyage the young printer was thrust down into the depths and made to wrestle with the powers of darkness; and in the remorse of soul that came over him, he made a liturgy to be repeated night and morning, and at midday. There were many items in this ritual—all of which were corrected and amended from time to time in after-years. Here are a few paragraphs that represent the longings and

trend of the lad's heart. His prayer was: "That I may have tenderness for the meek; that I may be kind to my neighbors. good-natured to my companions and hospitable to strangers. Help me, O God!

"That I may be averse to craft and overreaching, abhor extortion and every kind of weakness and wickedness. Help me, O God!

"That I may have constant regard to honor and probity; that I may possess an innocent and good conscience, and at length become truly virtuous and magnanimous. Help me, O God!

"That I may refrain from calumny and detraction; that I may abhor deceit, and avoid lying, envy and fraud, flattery, hatred, malice and ingratitude. Help me, O God!"

Then, in addition, he formed rules of conduct and wrote them out and committed them to memory. The maxims he adopted are old as thought, yet can never become antiquated, for in morals there is nothing either new or old, neither can there be.

On that return voyage from England, he inwardly vowed that his first act on getting ashore would be to find Deborah Read and make peace with her and his conscience. And true to his vow, he found her, but she was the wife of another. Her mother believed that Franklin had run away simply to get rid of her, and the poor girl, dazed and forlorn, bereft of will, had been induced to marry a man by the name of Rogers, who was a potter and also a potterer, but who Franklin says was "a very good potter."

After some months, Deborah left the potter, because she

did not like to be reproved with a strap, and went home to her mother.

Franklin was now well in the way of prosperity, aged twenty-four, with a little printing business, plans plus, and ambitions to spare. He had had his little fling in life, and had done various things of which he was ashamed; and the foolish things that Deborah had done were no worse than those of which he had been guilty. So he called on her, and they talked it over and made honest confessions that are good for the soul. The potter disappeared—no one knew where—some said he was dead, but Benjamin and Deborah did not wear mourning. They took rumor's word for it, and thanked God, and went to a church and were married.

Deborah brought to the firm a very small dowry; and Benjamin contributed a bright baby boy, aged two years, captured no one knows just where. This boy was William Franklin, who grew up into a very excellent man, and the worst that can be said of him is that he became Governor of New Jersey. He loved and respected his father, and called Deborah mother, and loved her very much. And she was worthy of all love, and ever treated him with tenderness and gentlest considerate care. Possibly a blot on the 'scutcheon may, in the working of God's providence, not always be a dire misfortune, for it sometimes has the effect of binding broken hearts as nothing else can, as a cicatrice toughens the fiber.

Deborah had not much education, but she had good, sturdy commonsense, which is better if you are forced to make choice. She set herself to help her husband in every way

possible, and so far as I know, never sighed for one of those things you call "a career." She even worked in the printing-office, folding, stitching, and doing up bundles.

Long years afterward, when Franklin was Ambassador of the American Colonies in France, he told with pride that the clothes he wore were spun, woven, cut out, and made into garments—all by his wife's own hands. Franklin's love for Deborah was very steadfast. Together they became rich and respected, won worldwide fame, and honors came that way such as no American before or since has ever received.

And when I say, "God bless all good women who help men do their work," I simply repeat the words once used by Benjamin Franklin when he had Deborah in mind.

WHEN Franklin was forty-two, he had accumulated a fortune of seventy-five thousand dollars. It gave him an income of about four thousand dollars a year, which he said was all he wanted; so he sold out his business, intending to devote his entire energies to the study of science and languages. He had lived just one-half his days; and had he then passed out, his life could have been summed up as one of the most useful that ever has been lived. He had founded and been the life of the Junto Club—the most sensible and beneficent club of which I ever heard. ¶The series of questions asked at every meeting of the Junto, so mirror the life and habit of thought of Franklin that we had better glance at a few of them:

1. Have you read over these queries this morning, in order to consider what you might have to offer the Junto, touching any one of them?

2. Have you met with anything in the author you last read, remarkable, or suitable to be communicated to the Junto; particularly in history, morality, poetry, physics, travels, mechanical arts, or other parts of knowledge?

3. Do you know of a fellow-citizen, who has lately done a worthy action, deserving praise and imitation; or who has lately committed an error, proper for us to be warned against and avoid?

4. What unhappy effects of intemperance have you lately observed or heard; of imprudence, of passion, or of any other vice or folly?

5. What happy effects of temperance, of prudence, of moderation, or of any other virtue?

6. Do you think of anything at present in which the members of the Junto may be serviceable to mankind, to their country, to their friends, or to themselves?
7. Hath any deserving stranger arrived in town since last meeting that you have heard of? And what have you heard or observed of his character or merits? And whether, think you, it lies in the power of the Junto to oblige him, or encourage him as he deserves?
8. Do you know of any deserving young beginner, lately set up, whom it lies in the power of the Junto in any way to encourage?
9. Have you lately observed any defect in the laws of your country, of which it would be proper to move the legislature for an amendment? Or do you know of any beneficial law that is wanting?
10. Have you lately observed any encroachment on the just liberties of the people?
11. In what manner can the Junto, or any of its members, assist you in any of your honorable designs?
12. Have you any weighty affair on hand in which you think the advice of the Junto may be of service?
13. What benefits have you lately received from any man not present?
14. Is there any difficulty in matters of opinion, of justice and injustice, which you would gladly have discussed at this time?

The Junto led to the establishment, by Franklin, of the Philadelphia Public Library, which became the parent of all public libraries in America. He also organized and

equipped a fire-company; paved and lighted the streets of Philadelphia; established a high school and an academy for the study of English branches; founded the Philadelphia Public Hospital; invented the toggle-joint printing-press, the Franklin stove, and various other useful mechanical devices

After his retirement from business, Franklin enjoyed seven years of what he called leisure, but they were years of study and application; years of happiness and sweet content, but years of aspiration and an earnest looking into the future. His experiments with kite and key had made his name known in all the scientific circles of Europe, and his suggestive writings on the subject of electricity had caused Goethe to lay down his pen and go to rubbing amber for the edification of all Weimar. Franklin was in correspondence with the greatest minds of Europe, and what his "Poor Richard Almanac" had done for the plain people of America, his pamphlets were now doing for the philosophers of the Old World

In Seventeen Hundred Fifty-four, he wrote a treatise showing the Colonies that they must be united, and this was the first public word that was to grow and crystallize and become the United States of America. Before that, the Colonies were simply single, independent, jealous and bickering overgrown clans. Franklin showed for the first time that they must unite in mutual aims.

In Seventeen Hundred Fifty-seven, matters were getting a little strained between the Province of Pennsylvania and England. "The lawmakers of England do not understand

us—some one should go there as an authorized agent to plead our cause," and Franklin was at once chosen as the man of strongest personality and soundest sense. So Franklin went to England and remained there for five years as agent for the Colonies.

He then returned home, but after two years the Stamp Act had stirred up the public temper to a degree that made revolution imminent, and Franklin again went to England to plead for justice. The record of the ten years he now spent in London is told by Bancroft in a hundred pages. Bancroft is very good, and I have no desire to rival him, so suffice it to say that Franklin did all that any man could have done to avert the coming War of the Revolution. Burke has said that when he appeared before Parliament to be examined as to the condition of things in America, it was like a lot of schoolboys interrogating the master.

With the voice and tongue of a prophet, Franklin foretold the English people what the outcome of their treatment of America would be. Pitt and a few others knew the greatness of Franklin, and saw that he was right, but the rest smiled in derision ✍ ✍

He sailed for home in Seventeen Hundred Seventy-five, and urged the Continental Congress to issue the Declaration of Independence, of which he became a signer. Then the war came, and had not Franklin gone to Paris and made an ally of France, and borrowed money, the Continental Army could not have been maintained in the field ✍ He remained in France for nine years, and was the pride and pet of the people. His sound sense, his good humor, his

distinguished personality, gave him the freedom of society everywhere. He had the ability to adapt himself to conditions, and was everywhere at home.

Once, he attended a memorable banquet in Paris shortly after the close of the Revolutionary War. Among the speakers was the English Ambassador, who responded to the toast, "Great Britain." The Ambassador dwelt at length on England's greatness, and likened her to the sun that sheds its beneficent rays on all. The next toast was "America," and Franklin was called upon to respond. He began very modestly by saying: "The Republic is too young to be spoken of in terms of praise; her career is yet to come, and so, instead of America, I will name you a man, George Washington—the Joshua who successfully commanded the sun to stand still." The Frenchmen at the board forgot the courtesy due their English guest, and laughed needlessly loud.

Franklin was regarded in Paris as the man who had both planned the War of the Revolution, and fought it. They said, "He despoiled the thunderbolt of its danger, and snatched sovereignty out of the hand of King George of England." No doubt that his ovation was largely owing to the fact that he was supposed to have plucked whole handfuls of feathers from England's glory, and surely they were pretty nearly right.

¶ In point of all-round development, Franklin must stand as the foremost American. The one intent of his mind was to purify his own spirit, to develop his intellect on every side, and make his body the servant of his soul. His passion was to acquire knowledge, and the desire of his heart was to communicate it.

We know of no man who ever lived a fuller life, a happier life, a life more useful to other men, than Benjamin Franklin. For forty-two years he gave the constant efforts of his life to his country, and during all that time no taint of a selfish action can be laid to his charge. Almost his last public act was to petition Congress to pass an act for the abolition of slavery. He died in Seventeen Hundred Ninety, and as you walk up Arch Street, Philadelphia, only a few squares from the spot where stood his printing-shop, you can see the place where he sleeps.

The following epitaph, written by himself, however, does not appear on the simple monument that marks his grave:

The Body
of
Benjamin Franklin, Printer,
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stripped of its lettering and gilding,)
Lies here food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will (as he believes) appear once
more
In a new
And more beautiful Edition
Corrected and Amended
By
The Author.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

# ALEXANDER HAMILTON

THE objects to be attained are: To justify and preserve the confidence of the most enlightened friends of good government; to promote the increasing respectability of the American name; to answer the calls of justice; to restore landed property to its due value; to furnish new sources both to agriculture and to commerce; to cement more closely the union of the States; to add to their security against foreign attack; to establish public order on the basis of an upright and liberal policy: these are the great and invaluable ends to be secured by a proper and adequate provision, at the present period, for the support of public credit.—Report to Congress.

# ALEXANDER HAMILTON

E do not know the name of the mother of Alexander Hamilton: we do not know the given name of his father. But from letters, a diary and pieced-out reports, allowing fancy to bridge from fact to fact, we get a patchwork history of the events preceding the birth of this wonderful man.

Every strong man has had a splendid mother. Hamilton's mother was a woman of wit, beauty and education. While very young, through the machinations of her elders, she had been married to a man much older than herself—rich, wilful and dissipated. The man's name was Lavine, but his first name we do not know, so hidden were the times in a maze of obscurity. The young wife very soon discovered the depravity of this man whom she had vowed to love and obey; divorce was impossible; and rather than endure a lifelong existence of legalized shame, she packed up her scanty effects and sought to hide herself from society and kinsmen by going to the West Indies.

There she hoped to find employment as a governess in the family of one of the rich planters; or if this plan were not successful she would start a school on her own account, and thus benefit her

kind and make for herself an honorable living. Arriving at the island of Nevis, she found that the natives did not especially desire education, certainly not enough to pay for it, and there was no family requiring a governess. But a certain Scotch planter by the name of Hamilton, who was consulted, thought in time that a school could be built up, and he offered to meet the expense of it until such a time as it could be put on a paying basis. Unmarried women who accept friendly loans from men stand in dangerous places. With all good women, heart-whole gratitude and a friendship that seems unselfish ripen easily into love. They did so here. Perhaps, in a warm, ardent temperament, sore grief and biting disappointment and crouching want obscure the judgment and give a show of reason to actions that a colder intellect would disapprove.

On the frontiers of civilization man is greater than law—all ceremonies are looked upon lightly. In a few months Mrs. Lavine was called by the little world of Nevis, Mrs. Hamilton, and Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton regarded themselves as man and wife.

The planter Hamilton was a hard-headed, busy individual, who was quite unable to sympathize with his wife's finer aspirations. Her first husband had been clever and dissipated; this one was worthy and dull. And thus deprived of congenial friendships, without books or art or that social home life which goes to make up a woman's world, and longing for the safety of close sympathy and tender love, with no one on whom her intellect could strike a spark, she keenly felt the bitterness of exile.

In a city where society ebbs and flows, an intellectual woman married to a commerce-grubbing man is not especially to be pitied. She can find intellectual affinities that will ease the irksomeness of her situation. But to be cast on a desert isle with a being, no matter how good, who is incapable of feeling with you the eternal mystery of the encircling tides; who can only stare when you speak of the moaning lullaby of the restless sea; who knows not the glory of the sunrise, and feels no thrill when the breakers dash themselves into foam, or the moonlight dances on the phosphorescent waves —ah, that is indeed exile! Loneliness is not in being alone, for then ministering spirits come to soothe and bless—loneliness is to endure the presence of one who does not understand

And so this finely organized, receptive, aspiring woman, through the exercise of a will that seemed masculine in its strength, found her feet mired in quicksand. She struggled to free herself, and every effort only sank her deeper. The relentless environment only held her with firmer clutch. ¶ She thirsted for knowledge, for sweet music, for beauty, for sympathy, for attainment. She had a heart-hunger that none about her understood. She strove for better things. She prayed to God, but the heavens were as brass; she cried aloud, and the only answer was the throbbing of her restless heart

In this condition, a son was born to her. They called his name Alexander Hamilton. This child was heir to all his mother's splendid ambitions. Her lack of opportunity was his blessing; for the stifled aspirations of her soul charged

his being with a strong man's desires, and all the mother's silken, unswerving will was woven through his nature. He was to surmount obstacles that she could not overcome, and to tread under his feet difficulties that to her were invincible

The prayer of her heart was answered, but not in the way she expected. God listened to her after all; for every earnest prayer has its answer, and not a sincere desire of the heart but somewhere will find its gratification.

But earth's buffets were too severe for the brave young woman; the forces in league against her were more than she could withstand, and before her boy was out of baby dresses she gave up the struggle, and went to her long rest, soothed only by the thought that, although she had sorely blundered, she yet had done her work as best she could.

AT his mother's death, we find Alexander Hamilton taken in charge by certain mystical kinsmen. Evidently he was well cared for, as he grew into a handsome, strong lad—small, to be sure, but finely formed. Where he learned to read, write and cipher we know not; he seems to have had one of those active, alert minds that can acquire knowledge on a barren island.

When nine years old, he signed his name as witness to a deed. The signature is needlessly large and bold, and written with careful schoolboy pains, but the writing shows the same characteristics that mark the thousand and one dispatches which we have, signed at bottom, "G. Washington."

¶ At twelve years of age, he was clerk in a general store—one of those country stores where everything is kept, from ribbon to whisky. There were other helpers in the store, full grown; but when the proprietor went away for a few days into the interior, the dark, slim youngster took charge of the bookkeeping and the cash; and made such shrewd exchanges of merchandise for produce that when the "Old Man" returned, the lad was rewarded by two pats on the head and a raise in salary of one shilling a week.

About this time, the boy was also showing signs of literary skill by writing sundry poems and "compositions," and one of his efforts in this line describing a tropical hurricane was published in a London paper. This opened the eyes of the mystical kinsmen to the fact that they had a genius among them, and the elder Hamilton was importuned for money to send the boy to Boston that he might receive a proper education and come back and own the store and be a magis-

trate and a great man. No doubt the lad pressed the issue, too, for his ambition had already begun to ferment, as we find him writing to a friend, "I 'll risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station."

Most great things in America have to take their rise in Boston; so it seems meet that Alexander Hamilton, aged fifteen, a British subject, should first set foot on American soil at Long Wharf, Boston. He took a ferry over to Cambridgeport and walked through the woods three miles to Harvard College. Possibly he did not remain because his training in a bookish way had not been sufficient for him to enter, and possibly he did not like the Puritanic visage of the old professor who greeted him on the threshold of Massachusetts Hall; at any rate, he soon made his way to New Haven. Yale suited him no better, and he took a boat for New York.

He had letters to several good clergymen in New York, and they proved wise and good counselors. The boy was advised to take a course at the Grammar School at Elizabethtown, New Jersey.

There he remained a year, applying himself most vigorously, and the next Fall he knocked at the gate of King's College. It is called Columbia now, because kings in America went out of fashion, and all honors formerly paid to the king were turned over to Miss Columbia, Goddess of Freedom. King's College swung wide its doors for the swarthy little West Indian. He was allowed to choose his own course, and every advantage of the university was offered him. In a university, you get just all you are able to hold—it depends

upon yourself—and at the last all men who are made at all are self-made.

Hamilton improved each passing moment as it flew; with the help of a tutor he threw himself into his work, gathering up knowledge with the quick perception and eager alertness of one from whom the good things of earth have been withheld ❧ ❧

Yet he lived well and spent his money as if there were plenty more where it came from; but he was never dissipated nor wasteful ❧ ❧

This was in the year Seventeen Hundred Seventy-four, and the Colonies were in a state of political excitement. Young Hamilton's sympathies were all with the mother country. He looked upon the Americans, for the most part, as a rude, crude and barbaric people, who should be very grateful for the protection of such an all-powerful country as England ❧ At his boarding-house and at school, he argued the question hotly, defending England's right to tax her dependencies.

One fine day, one of his schoolmates put the question to him flatly: "In case of war on which side will you fight?" Hamilton answered, "On the side of England."

But by the next day he had reasoned it out that if England succeeded in suppressing the rising insurrection she would take all credit to herself; and if the Colonies succeeded there would be honors for those who did the work. Suddenly it came over him that there was such a thing as "the divine right of insurrection," and that there was no reason why men living in America should be taxed to support a govern-

ment across the sea. The wealth produced in America should be used to develop America.

He was young, and burning with a lofty ambition. He knew, and had known all along, that he would some day be great and famous and powerful—here was the opportunity.

And so, next day, he announced at the boarding-house that the eloquence and logic of his messmates were too powerful to resist—he believed the Colonies and the messmates were in the right. Then several bottles were brought in, and success was drunk to all men who strove for liberty.

¶ Patriotic sentiment is at the last self-interest; in fact, Herbert Spencer declares that there is no sane thought or rational act but has its root in egoism.

Shortly after the young man's conversion, there was a mass-meeting held in "The Fields," which meant the wilds of what is now the region of Twenty-third Street. Young Hamilton stood in the crowd and heard the various speakers plead the cause of the Colonies, and urge that New York should stand firm with Massachusetts against the further encroachments and persecutions of England. There were many Tories in the crowd, for New York was with King George as against Massachusetts, and these Tories asked the speakers embarrassing questions that the speakers failed to answer. And all the time young Hamilton found himself nearer and nearer the platform. Finally, he undertook to reply to a talkative Tory, and some one shouted, "Give him the platform—the platform!" and in a moment this seventeen-year-old boy found himself facing two thousand people. There was hesitation and embarrassment, but the shouts of

one of his college chums, "Give it to 'em! Give it to 'em!" filled in an awkward instant, and he began to speak. There was logic and lucidity of expression, and as he talked the air became charged with reasons, and all he had to do was to reach up and seize them.

His strong and passionate nature gave gravity to his sentences, and every quibbling objector found himself answered, and more than answered, and the speakers who were to present the case found this stripling doing the work so much better than they could, that they urged him on with applause and loud cries of "Bravo! Bravo!"

Immediately at the close of Hamilton's speech, the chairman had the good sense to declare the meeting adjourned—thus shutting off all reply, as well as closing the mouths of the minnow orators who usually pop up to neutralize the impression that the strong man has made.

Hamilton's speech was the talk of the town. The leading Whigs sought him out and begged that he would write down his address so that they could print it as a pamphlet in reply to the Tory pamphleteers who were vigorously circulating their wares. The pens of ready writers were scarce in those days: men could argue, but to present a forcible written brief was another thing. So young Hamilton put his reasons on paper, and their success surprised the boys at the boarding-house, and the college chums and the professors, and probably himself as well. His name was on the lips of all Whigdom, and the Tories sent messengers to buy him off.

But Congress was willing to pay its defenders, and money came from somewhere—not much, but all the young man

needed. College was dropped; the political pot boiled; and the study of history, economics and statecraft filled the daylight hours to the brim and often ran over into the night. ¶ The winter of Seventeen Hundred Seventy-five passed away; the plot thickened. New York had reluctantly consented to be represented in Congress and agreed grumpily to join hands with the Colonies. The redcoats had marched out to Concord—and back; and the embattled farmers had stood and fired the shot "heard 'round the world."

Hamilton was working hard to bring New York over to an understanding that she must stand firm against English rule. He organized meetings, gave addresses, wrote letters, newspaper articles and pamphlets. Then he joined a military company and was perfecting himself in the science of war. ¶ There were frequent outbreaks between Tory mobs and Whigs, and the breaking up of your opponents' meeting was looked upon as a pleasant pastime.

Then came the British ship "Asia" and opened fire on the town. This no doubt made Whigs of a good many Tories. Whig sentiment was on the increase; gangs of men marched through the streets and the king's stores were broken into, and prominent Royalists found their houses being threatened. ¶ Doctor Cooper, President of King's College, had been very pronounced in his rebukes to Congress and the Colonies, and a mob made its way to his house. Arriving there, Hamilton and his chum Troup were found on the steps, determined to protect the place. Hamilton stepped forward, and in a strong speech urged that Doctor Cooper had merely expressed his own private views, which he had a right to do, and the

house must not on any account be molested. While the parley was in progress, old Doctor Cooper himself appeared at one of the upper windows and excitedly cautioned the crowd not to listen to that blatant young rapscallion Hamilton, as he was a rogue and a varlet and a vagrom. The good Doctor then slammed the window and escaped by the back way ❧ ❧

His remarks raised a laugh in which even young Hamilton joined, but his mistake was very natural in view of the fact that he only knew that Hamilton had deserted the college and espoused the devil's cause; and not having heard his remarks, but seeing him standing on his steps haranguing a crowd, thought surely he was endeavoring to work up mischief against his old preceptor, who had once plucked him in Greek.

It seems to have been the intention of his guardians that the limit of young Hamilton's stay in America was to be two years, and by that time his education would be "complete," and he would return to the West Indies and surprise the natives.

But his father, who supplied the money, and the mystical kinsmen who supplied advice, and the kind friends who had given him letters to the Presbyterian clergymen at New York and Princeton, had figured without their host. Young Hamilton knew all that Nevis had in store for him: he knew its littleness, its contumely and disgrace, and in the secret recesses of his own strong heart he had slipped the cable that held him to the past. No more remittances from home; no more solicitous advice; no more kindly, loving

letters—the past was dead. For England he once had had an idolatrous regard; to him she had once been the protector of his native land, the empress of the seas, the enlightener of mankind; but henceforth he was an American.

He was to fight America's battles, to share in her victory, to help make of her a great Nation, and to weave his name into the web of her history so that as long as the United States of America shall be remembered, so long also shall be remembered the name of Alexander Hamilton.

WHAT General Washington called his "family" usually consisted of sixteen men. These were his aides, and more than that, his counselors and friends. In Washington's frequent use of that expression, "my family," there is a touch of affection that we do not expect to find in the tents of war. In rank, the staff ran the gamut from captain to general. Each man had his appointed work and made a daily report to his chief. When not in actual action, the family dined together daily, and the affair was conducted with considerable ceremony. Washington sat at the head of the table, large, handsome and dignified. At his right hand was seated the guest of honor, and there were usually several invited friends. At his left sat Alexander Hamilton, ready with quick pen to record the orders of his chief

And methinks it would have been quite worth while to have had a place at that board, and looked down the table at "the strong, fine face, tinged with melancholy," of Washington; and the cheery, youthful faces of Lawrence, Tilghman, Lee, Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton and the others of that brave and handsome company. Well might they have called Washington father, for this he was in spirit to them all—grave, gentle, courteous and magnanimous, yet exacting strict and instant obedience from all; and well, too, may we imagine that this obedience was freely and cheerfully given.

Hamilton became one of Washington's family on March First, Seventeen Hundred Seventy-seven, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was barely twenty years of age;

Washington was forty-seven, and the average age of the family, omitting its head, was twenty-five. All had been selected on account of superior intelligence and a record of dashing courage. When Hamilton took his place at the board, he was the youngest member, save one. In point of literary talent, he stood among the very foremost in the country, for then there was no literature in America save the literature of politics; and as an officer, he had shown rare skill and bravery.

And yet, such was Hamilton's ambition and confidence in himself, that he hesitated to accept the position, and considered it an act of sacrifice to do so. But having once accepted, he threw himself into the work and became Washington's most intimate and valued assistant. Washington's correspondence with his generals, with Congress, and the written decisions demanded daily on hundreds of minor questions, mostly devolved on Hamilton, for work gravitates to him who can do it best. A simple "Yes," "No" or "Perhaps" from the chief must be elaborated into a diplomatic letter, conveying just the right shade of meaning, all with its proper emphasis and show of dignity and respect. Thousands of these dispatches can now be seen at the Capitol; and the ease, grace, directness and insight shown in them are remarkable. There is no muddy rhetoric or befuddled clauses. They were written by one with a clear understanding, who was intent that the person addressed should understand, too. Many of these dispatches and proclamations were merely signed by Washington, but a few reveal interlined sentences and an occasional word changed in Washington's hand,

thus showing that all was closely scrutinized and digested. ¶ As a member of Washington's staff, Hamilton did not have the independent command that he so much desired; but he endured that heroic Winter at Valley Forge, was present at all the important battles, took an active part in most of them, and always gained honor and distinction. ¶ As an aide to Washington, Hamilton's most important mission was when he was sent to General Gates to secure reinforcements for the Southern army. Gates had defeated Burgoyne and won a full dozen stern victories in the North. In the meantime, Washington had done nothing but make a few brave retreats. Gates' army was made up of hardy and seasoned soldiers, who had met the enemy and defeated him over and over again. The flush of success was on their banners; and Washington knew that if a few thousand of those rugged veterans could be secured to reinforce his own well-nigh discouraged troops, victory would also perch upon the banners of the South.

As a superior officer he had the right to demand these troops; but to reduce the force of a general who is making an excellent success is not the common rule of war. The country looked upon Gates as its savior, and Gates was feeling a little that way himself. Gates had but to demand it, and the position of Commander-in-Chief would go to him. Washington thoroughly realized this, and therefore hesitated about issuing an order requesting a part of Gates' force. To secure these troops as if the suggestion came from Gates was a most delicate commission. Alexander Hamilton was dispatched to Gates' headquarters, armed, as a last resort,

with a curt military order to the effect that he should turn over a portion of his army to Washington. Hamilton's orders were: "Bring the troops, but do not deliver this order unless you are obliged to." ¶ Hamilton brought the troops, and returned the order with seal intact.

The act of his sudden breaking with Washington has been much exaggerated. In fact, it was not a sudden act at all, for it had been premeditated for some months. There was a woman in the case. Hamilton had done more than conquer General Gates on that Northern trip: at Albany, he had met Elizabeth, daughter of General Schuyler, and won her after what has been spoken of as "a short and sharp skirmish." Both Alexander and Elizabeth regarded "a clerkship" as quite too limited a career for one so gifted; they felt that nothing less than commander of a division would answer. How to break loose—that was the question.

And when Washington met him at the head of the stairs of the New Windsor Hotel and sharply chided him for being late, the young man embraced the opportunity and said, "Sir, since you think I have been remiss, we part."

It was the act of a boy; and the figure of this boy, five feet five inches high, weight one hundred twenty, aged twenty-four, talking back to his chief, six feet three, weight two hundred, aged fifty, has its comic side. Military rule demands that every one shall be on time, and Washington's rebuke was proper and right. Further than this, one feels that if he had followed up his rebuke by boxing the young man's ears for "sassing back," he would still not have been outside the lines of duty.

But an hour afterwards we find Washington sending for the youth and endeavoring to mend the break. And although Hamilton proudly repelled his advances, Washington forgave all and generously did all he could to advance the young man's interests. Washington's magnanimity was absolutely without flaw, but his attitude towards Hamilton has a more suggestive meaning when we consider that it was a testimonial of the high estimate he placed on Hamilton's ability. ¶ At Yorktown, Washington gave Hamilton the perilous privilege of leading the assault. Hamilton did his work well, rushing with fiery impetuosity upon the fort—carried all before him, and in ten minutes had planted the Stars and Stripes on the ramparts of the enemy.

It was a fine and fitting close to his glorious military career.

WHEN Washington became President, the most important office to be filled was that of manager of the exchequer. In fact, all there was of it was the office—there was no treasury, no mint, no fixed revenue, no credit; but there were debts—foreign and domestic—and clamoring creditors by the thousand. The debts consisted of what was then the vast sum of eighty million dollars. The treasury was empty. Washington had many advisers who argued that the Nation could never live under such a weight of debt—the only way was flatly and frankly to repudiate—wipe the slate clean—and begin afresh.

This was what the country expected would be done; and so low was the hope of payment that creditors could be found who were willing to compromise their claims for ten cents on the dollar. Robert Morris, who had managed the finances during the period of the Confederation, utterly refused to attempt the task again, but he named a man who, he said, could bring order out of chaos, if any living man could. That man was Alexander Hamilton. Washington appealed to Hamilton, offering him the position of Secretary of the Treasury. Hamilton, aged thirty-two, gave up his law practise, which was yielding him ten thousand a year, to accept this office which paid three thousand five hundred. Before the British cannon, Washington did not lose heart, but to face the angry mob of creditors waving white paper claims made him quake; but with Hamilton's presence his courage came back.

The first thing that Hamilton decided upon was that there should be no repudiation—no offer of compromise would

be considered—every man should be paid in full. And further than this, the general government would assume the entire war debt of each individual State. Washington concurred with Hamilton on these points, but he could make neither oral nor written argument in a way that would convince others; so this task was left to Hamilton. Hamilton appeared before Congress and explained his plans—explained them so lucidly and with such force and precision that he made an indelible impression. There were grumblers and complainers, but these did not and could not reply to Hamilton, for he saw all over and around the subject, and they saw it only at an angle. Hamilton had studied the history of finance, and knew the financial schemes of every country. No question of statecraft could be asked him for which he did not have a reply ready. He knew the science of government as no other man in America then did, and recognizing this, Congress asked him to prepare reports on the collection of revenue, the coasting trade, the effects of a tariff, shipbuilding, post-office extension, and also a scheme for a judicial system. When in doubt they asked Hamilton.

And all the time Hamilton was working at this bewildering maze of detail, he was evolving that financial policy, broad, comprehensive and minute, which endures even to this day, even to the various forms of accounts that are now kept at the Treasury Department at Washington.

His insistence that to preserve the credit of a nation every debt must be paid, is an idea that no statesman now dare question. The entire aim and intent of his policy was high, open and frank honesty. The people should be made to feel

an absolute security in their government, and this being so, all forms of industry would prosper, "and the prosperity of the people is the prosperity of the Nation." To such a degree of confidence did Hamilton raise the public credit that in a very short time the government found no trouble in borrowing all the money it needed at four per cent; and yet this was done in face of the fact that its debt had increased.

¶ Just here was where his policy invited its strongest and most bitter attack. For there are men today who can not comprehend that a public debt is a public blessing, and that all liabilities have a strict and undivorceable relationship to assets. Alexander Hamilton was a leader of men. He could do the thinking of his time and map out a policy, "arranging every detail for a kingdom." He has been likened to Napoleon in his ability to plan and execute with rapid and marvelous precision, and surely the similarity is striking.

But he was not an adept in the difficult and delicate art of diplomacy—he could not wait. He demanded instant obedience, and lacked all of that large, patient, calm magnanimity so splendidly shown forth since by Abraham Lincoln. Unlike Jefferson, his great rival, he could not calmly and silently bide his time. But I will not quarrel with a man because he is not some one else.

He saw things clearly at a glance; he knew because he knew; and if others would not follow, he had the audacity to push on alone. This recklessness to the opinion of the slow and plodding, this indifference to the dull, gradually drew upon him the hatred of a class.

They said he was a monarchist at heart and "such men are

dangerous." The country became divided into those who were with Hamilton and those who were against him. The very transcendent quality of his genius wove the net that eventually was to catch his feet and accomplish his ruin.

IT has been the usual practise for nearly a hundred years to refer to Aaron Burr as a roue, a rogue and a thorough villain, who took the life of a gentle and innocent man. ¶ I have no apologies to make for Colonel Burr; the record of his life lies open in many books, and I would neither conceal nor explain away.

If I should attempt to describe the man and liken him to another, that man would be Alexander Hamilton.

They were the same age within ten months; they were the same height within an inch; their weight was the same within five pounds, and in temperament and disposition they resembled each other as brothers seldom do. Each was passionate, ambitious, proud.

In the drawing-room where one of these men chanced to be, there was room for no one else—such was the vivacity, the wit, and the generous, glowing good-nature shown. With women, the manner of these men was most gentle and courtly; and the low, alluring voice of each was music's honeyed flattery set to words.

Both were much under the average height, yet the carriage of each was so proud and imposing that everywhere they went men made way, and women turned and stared.

Both were public speakers and lawyers of such eminence that they took their pick of clients and charged all the fee that policy would allow ❧ In debate, there was a wilful aggressiveness, a fiery sureness, a lofty certainty, that moved judges and juries to do their bidding. Henry Cabot Lodge says that so great was Hamilton's renown as a lawyer that clients flocked to him because the belief was abroad that no

judge dare decide against him. With Burr it was the same. ¶ Both made large sums, and both spent them all as fast as made ❧ ❧

In point of classic education, Burr had the advantage. He was the grandson of the Reverend Jonathan Edwards. In his strong personal magnetism, and keen, many-sided intellect, Aaron Burr strongly resembled the gifted Presbyterian divine who wrote "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." His father was the Reverend Aaron Burr, President of Princeton College. He was a graduate of Princeton, and, like Hamilton, always had the ability to focus his mind on the subject in hand, and wring from it its very core. Burr's reputation as to his susceptibility to women's charms is the world's common—very common—property ❧ He was unhappily married; his wife died before he was thirty; he was a man of ardent nature and stalked through the world a conquering Don Juan. A historian, however, records that "his alliances were only with women who were deemed by society to be respectable. Married women, unhappily mated, knowing his reputation, very often placed themselves in his way, going to him for advice, as moths court the flame. Young, tender and innocent girls had no charm for him." ¶ Hamilton was happily married to a woman of aristocratic family; rich, educated, intellectual, gentle, and worthy of him at his best. They had a family of eight children. Hamilton was a favorite of women everywhere, and was mixed up in various scandalous intrigues. He was an easy mark for a designing woman. In one instance, the affair was seized upon by his political foes, and made capital of to his sore

disadvantage. Hamilton met the issue by writing a pamphlet, laying bare the entire shameless affair, to the horror of his family and friends. Copies of this pamphlet may be seen in the rooms of the American Historical Society at New York.

¶ Burr had been Attorney-General of New York State and also United States Senator. Each man had served on Washington's staff; each had a brilliant military record; each had acted as second in a duel; each recognized the honor of the code.

Stern political differences arose, not so much through matters of opinion and conscience, as through ambitious rivalry. Neither was willing the other should rise, yet both thirsted for place and power. Burr ran for the Presidency, and was sternly, strongly, bitterly opposed as "a dangerous man" by Hamilton.

At the election one more electoral vote would have given the highest office of the people to Aaron Burr; as it was he tied with Jefferson. The matter was thrown into the House of Representatives, and Jefferson was given the office, with Burr as Vice-President. Burr considered, and perhaps rightly, that were it not for Hamilton's assertive influence he would have been President of the United States.

While still Vice-President, Burr sought to become Governor of New York, thinking this the surest road to receiving the nomination for the Presidency at the next election.

Hamilton openly and bitterly opposed him, and the office went to another.

Burr considered, and rightly, that were it not for Hamilton's influence he would have been Governor of New York.

Burr, smarting under the sting of this continual opposition by a man who himself was shelved politically through his own too fiery ambition, sent a note by his friend Van Ness to Hamilton, asking whether the language he had used concerning him ("a dangerous man") referred to him politically or personally.

Hamilton replied evasively, saying he could not recall all that he might have said during fifteen years of public life. "Especially," he said in his letter, "it can not be reasonably expected that I shall enter into any explanation upon a basis so vague as you have adopted. I trust on more reflection you will see the matter in the same light. If not, however, I only regret the circumstances, and must abide the consequences."

¶ When fighting men use fighting language they invite a challenge. Hamilton's excessively polite regret that "he must abide the consequences" simply meant fight, as his language had for a space of five years.

A challenge was sent by the hand of Pendleton. Hamilton accepted. Being the challenged man (for duelists are always polite), he was given the choice of weapons. He chose pistols at ten paces.

At seven o'clock on the morning of July Eleventh, Eighteen Hundred Four, the participants met on the heights of Weehawken, overlooking New York Bay. On a toss Hamilton won the choice of position and his second also won the right of giving the word to fire.

Each man removed his coat and cravat; the pistols were loaded in their presence. As Pendleton handed his pistol to Hamilton he asked, "Shall I set the hair-trigger?" "Not

this time," replied Hamilton. With pistols primed and cocked, the men were stationed facing each other, thirty feet apart. ¶ Both were pale, but free from any visible nervousness or excitement. Neither had partaken of stimulants. Each was asked if he had anything to say, or if he knew of any way by which the affair could be terminated there and then.

Each answered quietly in the negative. Pendleton, standing fifteen feet to the right of his principal, said: "One—two—three—present!" and as the last final sounding of the letter "t" escaped his teeth, Burr fired, followed almost instantly by the other.

Hamilton arose convulsively on his toes, reeled, and Burr, dropping his smoking pistol, sprang towards him to support him, a look of regret on his face.

Van Ness raised an umbrella over the fallen man, and motioned Burr to be gone.

The ball passed through Hamilton's body, breaking a rib, and lodging in the second lumbar vertebra.

The bullet from Hamilton's pistol cut a twig four feet above Burr's head.

While he was lying on the ground Hamilton saw his pistol near and said, "Look out for that pistol, it is loaded—Pendleton knows I did not intend to fire at him!"

Hamilton died the following day, first declaring that he bore Colonel Burr no ill-will.

Colonel Burr said he very much regretted the whole affair, but the language and attitude of Hamilton forced him to send a challenge or remain quiet and be branded as a coward. He fully realized before the meeting that if he

killed Hamilton it would be political death for him, too. ¶ At the time of the deed Burr had no family; Hamilton had a wife and seven children, his oldest son having fallen in a duel fought three years before on the identical spot where he, too, fell.

Burr fled the country.

Three years afterwards, he was arrested for treason in trying to found an independent state within the borders of the United States. He was tried and found not guilty.

After some years spent abroad he returned and took up the practise of law in New York. He was fairly successful, lived a modest, quiet life, and died September Fourteenth, Eighteen Hundred Thirty-six, aged eighty years.

Hamilton's widow survived him just one-half a century, dying in her ninety-eighth year.

So passeth away the glory of the world.

SAMUEL ADAMS

SAMUEL ADAMS

THE body of the people are now in council. Their opposition grows into a system. They are united and resolute. And if the British Administration and Government do not return to the principles of moderation and equity, the evil, which they profess to aim at preventing by their rigorous measures, will the sooner be brought to pass, viz., the entire separation and independence of the Colonies.

—Letter to Arthur Lee.

# SAMUEL ADAMS

SAMUEL and John Adams were second cousins, having the same great-grandfather. Between them in many ways there was a marked contrast, but true to their New England instincts both were theologians

John was a conservative in politics, and at first had little sympathy with "those small-minded men who refused to pay a trivial tax on their tea; and who would plunge the country into war, and ruin all for a matter of stamps." John was born and lived at the village of Braintree. He did not really center his mind on politics until the British had closed all law-courts in Boston, thus making his profession obsolete. He was scholarly, shrewd, diplomatic, cautious, good-natured, fat, and took his religion with a wink. He was blessed with a wife who was worthy of being the mother of kings (or presidents); he lived comfortably, acquired property, and died aged ninety-two. He had been President and seen his son President of the United States, and that is an experience that has never come and probably never will come to another living man, for there seems to be an unwritten law that no man under fifty shall occupy the office of

Chief Magistrate of these United States. ¶ Samuel was stern, serious and deeply in earnest. He seldom smiled and never laughed. He was uncompromisingly religious, conscientious and morally unbending ✍ In his life there was no soft sentiment. The fact that he ran a brewery can be excused when we remember that the best spirit of the times saw nothing inconsistent in the occupation; and further than this we might explain in extenuation that he gave the business indifferent attention, and the quality of his brew was said to be very bad.

In religion, he swerved not nor wavered. He was a Calvinist and clung to the five points with a tenacity at times seemingly quite unnecessary.

When in that first Congress, Samuel Adams publicly consented to the opening of the meeting with religious service conducted by the Reverend Mr. Duche, an Episcopal clergyman, he gave a violent wrench to his conscience and an awful shock to his friends. But Mr. Duche met the issue in the true spirit, and leaving his detested "popery robe" and prayer-book at home uttered an extemporaneous invocation, without a trace of intoning, that pleased the Puritans and caused one of them to remark, "He is surely coming over to the Lord's side!"

But in politics, Samuel Adams was a liberal of the liberals. In statecraft, the heresy of change had no terrors for him, and with Hamlet, he might have said, "Oh, reform it altogether!"

The limitations set in every character seem to prevent a man from being generous in more than one direction;

the bigot in religion is often a liberal in politics, and vice versa. For instance, physicians are almost invariably liberal in religious matters, but are prone to call a man "Mister" who does not belong to their school; while orthodox clergymen, I have noticed, usually employ a homeopathist.

In that most valuable and interesting work, "The Diary of John Adams," the author refers repeatedly to Samuel Adams as "Adams"! This simple way of using the word "Adams" shows a world of appreciation for the man who blazed the path that others of this illustrious name might follow. And so with the high precedent in mind, I, too, will drop prefix and call my subject simply "Adams."

On the authority of King George, General Gage made an offer of pardon to all save two who had figured in the Boston uprising

The two men thus honored were John Hancock (whose signature the King could read without spectacles), and the other was "one, S. Adams."

Adams, however, was the real offender, and the plea might have been made for John Hancock that, if it had not been for accident and Adams, Hancock would probably have remained loyal to the mother country.

Hancock was aristocratic, cultured and complacent. He was the richest man in New England. His personal interests were on the side of peace and the established order. But circumstances and the combined tact and zeal of Adams threw him off his guard, and in a moment of dalliance the seeds of sedition found lodgment in his brain. And the more he thought about it, the nearer he came to the conclusion

that Adams was right. But let the fact further be stated, if truth demands, that both John Hancock and Samuel Adams, the first men who clearly and boldly expressed the idea of American Independence, were moved in the beginning by personal grievances.

A single motion made before the British Parliament by we know not whom, and put to vote by the Speaker, bankrupted the father of Samuel Adams and robbed the youth of his patrimony

The boy was then seventeen; old enough to know that from plenty his father was reduced to penury, and this because England, three thousand miles away, had interfered with the business arrangements of the Colony, and made unlawful a private banking scheme.

Then did the boy ask the question, What moral right has England to govern us, anyway?

From thinking it over he began to formulate reasons. He discussed the subject at odd times and thought of it continually, and, in Seventeen Hundred Forty-three, when he prepared his graduation thesis at Harvard College he chose for his subject, "The Doctrine of the Lawfulness of Resistance to the Supreme Magistrate if the Commonwealth Can Not Otherwise be Preserved."

When Massachusetts admitted that she was under subjection to the King, yet argued for the right to nullify the Acts of the English Parliament, she took exactly the same ground that South Carolina did a hundred years later. The logic of Samuel Adams and of Hayne was one and the same. Yet we are glad that Adams carried his point; and we rejoice

exceedingly that Hayne failed, so curious are these things we call "reasons."

The royalists who heard of this youth with a logical mind denounced him without stint. A few newspapers upheld him and spoke of the right of free speech and all that, reprinting the thesis in full. And in the controversy that followed, young Adams was always a prominent figure. He was not an orator in the popular sense, but he held the pen of a ready writer, and through the Boston papers kept up a constant fusillade.

¶ The tricks of journalism are no new thing belonging to the fag-end of this century. Young Adams wrote letters over the "nom de plume" of Probono Publico, and then replied to them over the signature of Rex Americus. He did not adopt as his motto, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," for he wrote with both hands and each hand was in the secret.

During the years that followed his graduation from college he was a businessman and a poor one, for a man who looks after public affairs much can not attend to his own. But he managed to make shift; and when too closely pressed by creditors, a loan from Hancock, or John Adams, Hancock's attorney, relieved the pressure. In fact, when he went to Philadelphia "on that very important errand," he rode a horse borrowed from John Adams, and his Sunday coat was the gift of a thoughtful friend.

In Seventeen Hundred Sixty-three, it became known that the British Government had on foot a scheme to demand a tribute from the Colonies. On invitation of a committee, possibly appointed by Adams, Adams was requested to draw

up instructions to the Representatives in the Colonial Legislature. Adams did so and the document is now in the archives of the old State House at Boston, in the plain and elegant penmanship that is so easily recognized. This document calls itself, "The First Public Denial of the Right of the British Parliament to tax the Colonies without their Consent, and the first Public Suggestion of a Union on the part of the Colonies to Protect themselves against British Aggression." ¶ The style of the paper is lucid, firm and logical; it combines in itself the suggestion of all there was to be said or could be said on the matter. Adams saw all over and around his topic —no unpleasant surprise could be sprung on him—twenty-five years had he studied this one theme ❧ He had made himself familiar with the political history of every nation so far as such history could be gathered; he was past master of his subject.

However, when he was forty years of age his followers were few and mostly men of small influence. The Caulker's Club was the home of the sedition, and many of the members were day-laborers. But the idea of independence gradually grew, and, in Seventeen Hundred Sixty-five, Adams was elected a member of the Massachusetts Colonial Legislature. In honor of his writing ability, he was chosen clerk of the Assembly, for in all public gatherings orators are chosen as presidents and newspapermen for secretaries. Thus are honors distributed, and thus, too, does the public show which talent it values most.

On November Second, Seventeen Hundred Seventy-two, on motion of Adams, a committee of several hundred citizens

was appointed "to state the Rights of the Colonies and to communicate and publish them to the World as the sense of the Town, with the infringements and violations thereof that have been or may be made from time to time; also requesting from each Town a free communication of their sentiments on this Subject."

This was the Committee of Correspondence from which grew the union of the Colonies and the Congress of the United States. It is a pretty well attested fact that the first suggestion of the Philadelphia Congress came from Samuel Adams, and the chief work of bringing it about was also his.

¶ It was well known to the British Government who the chief agitator was, and when General Gage arrived in Boston in May, Seventeen Hundred Seventy-four, his first work was an attempt to buy off Samuel Adams. With Adams out of the way, England might have adopted a policy of conciliation and kept America for her very own—yes, to the point of moving the home government here and saving the snug little island as a colony, for both in wealth and in population America has now far surpassed England.

But Adams was not for sale. His reply to Gage sounds like a scrap from Cromwell: "I trust I have long since made my peace with the King of Kings. No personal consideration shall induce me to abandon the Righteous Cause of my Country."

Gage having refused to recognize the thirteen Counselors appointed by the people, the General Court of Massachusetts, in secret session, appointed five delegates to attend the Congress of Colonies at Philadelphia. Of course Samuel

Adams was one of these delegates; and to John Adams, another delegate, are we indebted for a minute description of that most momentous meeting.

A room in the State House had been offered the delegates, but with commendable modesty they accepted the offer of the Carpenters' Company to use their hall.

And so there they convened on the fifth day of September, Seventeen Hundred Seventy-four, having met by appointment, and walked over from the City Tavern in a body. Forty-four men were present—not a large gathering, but they had come hundreds of miles, and several of them had been months on the journey.

They were a sturdy lot; and madam! I think it would have been worth while to have looked in upon them. There were several coonskin caps in evidence; also lace and frills and velvet brought from England—but plainness to severity was the rule. Few of these men had ever been away from their own Colonies before, few had ever met any members of the Congress save their own colleagues. They represented civilizations of very different degrees. Each stood a bit in awe of all the rest. Several of the Colonies had been in conflict with the others.

Meeting new men in those days, when even the stagecoach was a passing show worth going miles to see, was an event. There was awkwardness and nervousness on the swarthy faces; firm mouths twitched, and big, bony hands sought for places of concealment.

The meeting had been called for September First, but was postponed for five days awaiting the arrival of belated dele-

gates who had been detained by floods. Even then, delegates from North Carolina had not arrived, and Georgia not having thought it worth while to send any, eleven Colonies only were represented. Each delegation naturally kept together, as men will who have a fighting history and a pioneer ancestry

It was a serious, solemn business and these men were not given to levity in any event. When they were seated, there was a moment of silence so tense it could be heard. Every chance movement of a foot on the uncarpeted floor sent an echo through the room.

The stillness was first broken by Mr. Lynch, of South Carolina, who arose and in a low, clear voice said: "There is a gentleman present who has presided with great dignity over a very respectable body and greatly to the advantage of America. Gentlemen, I move that the Honorable Peyton Randolph, one of the delegates from Virginia, be appointed to preside over this meeting. I doubt not it will be unanimous."

It was so; and a large man in powdered wig and scarlet coat arose, and, carrying his gold-headed cane before him like a mace, walked to the platform without apology.

The New Englanders in homespun looked at one another with trepidation on their features. The red coat was not assuring, but they kept their peace and breathed hard, praying that the enemy had not captured the convention through strategy. Mr. Randolph's first suggestion was not revolutionary; it was that a secretary be appointed.

Again Mr. Lynch arose and named Charles Thomson, "a

gentleman of family, fortune and character." This testimonial of family and fortune was not assuring to the plain Massachusetts men, but they said nothing and awaited developments.

All were cautious as woodsmen, and the motion that the Council be held behind closed doors was adopted. Every member then held up his right hand and made a solemn promise to divulge no part of the transactions; and Galloway, of Pennsylvania, promised with the rest, and straightway each night informed the enemy of every move.

Little was done that first day but get acquainted by talking very cautiously and very politely. The next day a notable member had arrived, and in a front seat sat Richard Henry Lee, a man you would turn and look at in any company. Slender and dark, with a brilliant eye and a profile—and only one man in ten thousand has a profile—Lee was a gracious presence. His voice was gentle and flexible and luring, and there was a dignity and poise in his manner that made him easily the foremost orator of his time.

Near him sat William Livingston, of New Jersey, and John Jay, his son-in-law, the youngest man in the Congress, with a nose that denoted character, and all his fame in the future

The Pennsylvanians were all together, grouped on one side. Duane, of New York, sat near them, "shy and squint-eyed, very sensible and very artful," wrote John Adams that night in his diary.

Then over there sat Christopher Gadsden, of South Carolina, who had preached independence for full ten years before

this, and who, when he heard that the British soldiers had taken Boston, proposed to raise a troop at once and fight redcoats wherever found.

"But the British will burn our seaport towns if we antagonize them," some timid soul explained.

"Our towns are built of brick and wood; if they are burned we can rebuild them; but liberty once gone is gone forever," he retorted. And the saying sounds well, even if it will not stand analysis.

Back near the wall was a man who, when the assembly stood at morning prayers, showed a half-head above his neighbors. His face was broad, and he, too, had a profile. His mouth was tightly closed and during the first fourteen days of that Congress he never opened it to utter a word, and after his long quiet he broke the silence by saying, "Mr. President, I second the motion." Once, in a passionate speech, Lynch turned to him and pointing his finger said: "There is a man who has not spoken here, but in the Virginia Assembly he made the most eloquent speech I ever heard. He said, 'I will raise a thousand men, and arm and subsist them at my expense and march them to the relief of Boston.'" And then did the tall man, whose name was George Washington, blush like a schoolgirl.

But in all that company the men most noticed were the five members from Massachusetts. They were Bowdoin, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Cushing and Robert Treat Paine. Massachusetts had thus far taken the lead in the struggle with England. A British army was encamped upon her soil, her chief city besieged—the port closed. Her sufferings

had called this Congress into being, and to her delegates the members had come to listen. All recognized Samuel Adams as the chief man of the Convention. His hand wrote the invitations and earnest requests to come. Galloway, writing to his friends, the enemy, said: "Samuel Adams eats little, drinks little, sleeps little and thinks much. He is most decisive and indefatigable in the pursuit of his object. He is the man who, by his superior application, manages at once the faction in Philadelphia and the factions of New England."

Yet Samuel Adams talked little at the Convention. He allowed John Adams to state the case, but sat next to him supplying memoranda, occasionally arising to make remarks or explanations in a purely conversational tone. But so earnest and impressive was his manner, so ably did he answer every argument and reply to every objection, that he thoroughly convinced a tall, angular, homely man by the name of Patrick Henry of the righteousness of his cause. Patrick Henry was pretty thoroughly convinced before, but the recital of Boston's case fired the Virginian, and he made the first and only real speech of the Congress. In burning words he pictured all the Colonies had suffered and endured, and by his matchless eloquence told in prophetic words of the glories yet to be. In his speech he paid just tribute to the genius of Samuel Adams, declaring that the good that was to come from this "first of an unending succession of Congresses" was owing to the work of Adams. And in after-years Adams repaid the compliment by saying that if it had not been for the cementing power of Patrick Henry's elo-

quence, that first Congress probably would have ended in a futile wrangle.

The South regarded, in great degree, the fight in Boston as Massachusetts' own. To make the entire thirteen Colonies adopt the quarrel and back the Colonial army in the vicinity of Boston was the only way to make the issue a success, and to unite the factions by choosing for a leader a Virginian aristocrat was a crowning stroke of diplomacy.

John Hancock had succeeded Randolph as president of the second Congress, and Virginia was inclined to be lukewarm, when John Adams in an impassioned speech nominated Colonel George Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army. The nomination was seconded very quietly by Samuel Adams. It was a vote, and the South was committed to the cause of backing up Washington, and, incidentally, New England. The entire plan was probably the work of Samuel Adams, yet he gave the credit to John, while the credit of stoutly opposing it goes to John Hancock, who, being presiding officer, worked at a disadvantage.

But Adams had a way of reducing opposition to the minimum. He kept out of sight and furthered his ends by pushing this man or that to the front at the right time to make the plea. He was a master in that fine art of managing men and never letting them know they are managed. By keeping behind the arras, he accomplished purposes that a leader never can who allows his personality to be in continual evidence, for personality repels as well as attracts, and the man too much before the public is sure to be undone eventually. Adams knew that the power of Pericles lay

largely in the fact that he was never seen upon but a single street of Athens, and that but once a year.

The complete writings of Adams have recently been collected and published. One marvels that such valuable material has not before been printed and given to the public, for the literary style and perspicuity shown are most inspiring, and the value of the data can not be gainsaid.

No one ever accused Adams of being a muddy thinker; you grant his premises and you are bound to accept his conclusions. He leaves no loopholes for escape.

The following words, used by Chatham, refer to documents in which Adams took a prominent part in preparing: "When your Lordships look at the papers transmitted us from America, when you consider their decency, firmness and wisdom, you can not but respect their cause and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must avow that, in all my reading—and I have read Thucydides and have studied and admired the master statesmen of the world—for solidity of reason, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion under a complication of difficult circumstances, no body of men can stand in preference to the general Congress of Philadelphia. The histories of Greece and Rome give us nothing like it, and all attempts to impress servitude on such a mighty continental people must be in vain."

In the life of Adams there was no soft sentiment nor romantic vagaries. "He is a Puritan in all the word implies, and the unbending fanatic of independence," wrote Gage, and the description fits.

He was twice married. Our knowledge of his first wife is

very slight, but his second wife, Elizabeth Wells, daughter of an English merchant, was a capable woman of brave good sense. She adopted her husband's political views and with true womanly devotion let her old kinsmen slide; and during the dark hours of the war bore deprivation without repining

Adams' home life was simple to the verge of hardship. All through life he was on the ragged edge financially, and in his latter years he was for the first time relieved from pressing obligations by an afflicting event—the death of his only son, who was a surgeon in Washington's army. The money paid to the son by the Government for his services gave the father the only financial competency he ever knew. Two daughters survived him, but with him died the name.

John Adams survived Samuel for twenty-three years. He lived to see "the great American experiment," as Mr. Ruskin has been pleased to call our country, on a firm basis, constantly growing stronger and stronger. He lived to realize that the sanguine prophecies made by Samuel were working themselves out in very truth.

The grave of Samuel Adams is viewed by more people than that of any other American patriot. In the old Granary Burying-Ground, in the very center of Boston, on Tremont Street—there where travel congests, and two living streams meet all day long—you look through the iron fence, so slender that it scarce impedes the view, and not twenty feet from the curb is a simple metal disk set on an iron rod driven into the ground and on it this inscription: "This marks the grave of Samuel Adams."

For many years the grave was unmarked, and the disk that now denotes it was only recently placed in position by the Sons of the American Revolution. But the place of Samuel Adams on the pages of history is secure. Upon the times in which he lived he exercised a profound influence. And he who influences the times in which he lives has influenced all the times that come after; he has left his impress on eternity.

JOHN HANCOCK

JOHN HANCOCK

Boston, Sept. 30, 1765.

Gent:

Since my last I have receiv'd your favour by Capt Hulme who is arriv'd here with the most disagreeable Commodity (say Stamps) that were imported into this Country & what if carry'd into Execution will entirely Stagnate Trade here, for it is universally determined here never to Submitt to it and the principal merchts here will by no means carry on Business under a Stamp, we are in the utmost Confusion here and shall be more so after the first of November & nothing but the repeal of the act will righten, the Consequence of its taking place here will be bad, & attended with many troubles, & I believe may say more fatal to you than us. I dread the Event.—Extract from Hancock's Letter-Book.

# JOHN HANCOCK

LONG years ago when society was young, learning was centered in one man in each community, and that man was the priest. It was the priest who was sent for in every emergency of life. He taught the young, prescribed for the sick, advised those who were in trouble, and when human help was vain and man had done his all, this priest knelt at the bedside of the dying and invoked a Power with whom it was believed he had influence. ¶ The so-called learned professions are only another example of the Division of Labor. We usually say there are three learned professions: Theology, Medicine and Law. As to which is the greater is a much-mooted question and has caused too many family feuds for me to attempt to decide it. And so I evade the issue and say there is a fourth profession, that is only allowed to be called so by grace, but which in my mind is greater than them all—the profession of Teacher. I can conceive of a condition of society so high and excellent that it has no use for either doctor, lawyer or preacher, but the teacher would still be needed. Ignorance and sin supply the three "learned professions" their excuse for being, but the teacher's work is to develop the germ of

wisdom that is in every soul. ¶ And now each of these professions has divided up, like monads, into many heads ❧ In medicine, we have as many specialists as there are organs of the body ❧ The lawyer who advises you in a copyright or patent cause knows nothing about admiralty; and as they tell us a man who pleads his own case has a fool for a client, so does the insurance lawyer who is retained to foreclose a mortgage. In all prosperous city churches, the preacher who attracts the crowd in the morning allows a 'prentice to preach to the young folks in the evening; he does not make pastoral calls; and the curate who reads the service at funerals is never called upon to perform a marriage ceremony except in a case of charity. Likewise the teacher's profession has its specialists: the man who teaches Greek well can not write good English, and the man who teaches composition is baffled and perplexed by long division; and the teacher who delights in trigonometry poohpoohs a kindergartner.

Just where this evolutionary dividing and subdividing of social cells will land the race no man can say; but that a specialist is a dangerous man, is sure. He is a buzz-saw with which wise men never monkey. A surgeon who has operated for appendicitis five times successfully is above all to be avoided. I once knew a man with lung trouble who inadvertently strayed into an oculist's, and was looked over and sent away with an order on an optician. And should you through error stray into the office of a nose and throat specialist, and ask him to treat you for varicose veins, he would probably do so by nasal douche.

Even now a specialist in theology will lead us, if he can, a merry "ignis-fatuus" chase and land us in a morass. The only thing that saved the priest in days agone was the fact that he had so many duties to perform that he exercised all his mental muscles, and thus attained a degree of all-roundness which is not possible to the specialist. Even then there were not lacking men who found time to devote to specialties: Bishop Georgius Ambrosius, for instance, who in the Fifteenth Century produced a learned work proving that women have no souls. And a like book was written at Nashville, Tennessee, in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-nine, by the Reverend Hubert Parsons of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South), showing that negroes were in a like predicament. But a more notable instance of the danger of a specialty is the Reverend Cotton Mather, who investigated the subject of witchcraft and issued a modest brochure incorporating his views on the subject. He succeeded in convincing at least one man of its verity, and that man was himself, and thus immortality was given to the town of Salem, which, otherwise, would have no claim on us for remembrance, save that Hawthorne was once a clerk in its custom-house.

A very slight study of Colonial history will show any student that, for two centuries, the ministers in New England occupied very much the same position in society that the priest did during the Middle Ages. As the monks kept learning from dying off the face of earth, so did the ministers of the New World preserve culture from passing into forgetfulness. Very seldom, indeed, were books to be found in a

community except at the minister's. And during the Seventeenth Century, and well into the Eighteenth, he combined in himself the offices of doctor, lawyer, preacher and teacher. Mr. Lowell has said: "I can not remember when there was not one or more students in my father's household, and others still who came at regular intervals to recite. And this was the usual custom. It was the minister who fitted boys for college, and no youth was ever sent away to school until he had been well drilled by the local clergyman."

And it must further be noted, that genealogical tables show that very nearly all of the eminent men of New England were sons of ministers, or of an ancestry where ministers' names are seen at frequent intervals.

As an intellectual and moral force, the minister has now but a rudiment of the power he once exercised. The tendency to specialize all art and all knowledge has to a degree shorn him of his strength. And to such an extent is this true, that within forty years it has passed into a common proverb that the sons of clergymen are rascals, whereas in Colonial days the highest recommendation a youth could carry was that he was the son of a minister.

The Reverend John Hancock, grandfather of John Hancock the patriot, was for more than half a century the minister of Lexington, Massachusetts. I say "the minister," because there was only one: the keen competition of sect that establishes half a dozen preachers in a small community is a very modern innovation.

John Hancock, "Bishop of Lexington," was a man of pronounced personality, as is plainly seen in his portrait in the

Boston Museum of Fine Arts. They say he ruled the town with a rod of iron; and when the young men, who adorned the front steps of the meetinghouse during service, grew disorderly, he stopped in his prayer, and going outside soundly cuffed the ears of the first delinquent he could lay hands upon. In his clay there was a dash of facetiousness that saved him from excess, supplying a useful check to his zeal—for zeal uncurbed is very bad. He was a wise and beneficent dictator; and government under such a one can not be improved upon. His manner was gracious, frank and open, and such was the specific gravity of his nature, that his words carried weight, and his wish was sufficient. ¶ The house where this fine old autocrat lived and reigned is standing in Lexington now. When you walk out through Cambridge and Arlington on your way to Concord, following the road the British took on their way out to Concord, you will pass by it. It is a good place to stop and rest. You will know the place by the tablet in front, on which is the legend: "Here John Hancock and Samuel Adams were sleeping on the night of the Eighteenth of April, Seventeen Hundred Seventy-five, when aroused by Paul Revere."

The Reverend Jonas Clark owned the house after the Reverend John Hancock, and the ministries of those two men, and their occupancy of the house, cover one hundred years and five years more. Here the thirteen children of Jonas Clark were born, and all lived to be old men and women. When you call there I hope you will be treated with the same gentle courtesy that I met. If you delay not your visit too long, you will see a fine, motherly woman,

with white "sausage curls" and a high back-comb, wearing a check dress and felt slippers, and she will tell you that she is over eighty, and that when her mother was a little girl she once sat on Governor Hancock's knee and he showed her the works in his watch.

And then as you go away you will think again of what the old lady has just told you, and as you look back for a parting glance at the house, standing firm and solemn in its rusty-gray dignity, you will doff your hat to it, and mayhap murmur: The days of man on earth—they are but as a passing shadow!

"Here John Hancock and Samuel Adams were sleeping when aroused by Paul Revere!" Merchant-prince and agitator, horse and rider—where are you now? And is your sleep disturbed by dreams of British redcoats, or hissing flintlocks? Phantom British warships may lie at their moorings, swinging wide on the unforgetting tide, lanterns may hang high in the belfry of the Old North Church tower, hurried knocks and calls of defiance and hoof-beats of fast-galloping steed may echo and echo again, borne on the night-wind of the dim Past, but you heed them not!

THE Reverend John Hancock of Lexington had two sons. John Hancock (Number Two) became pastor of the church of the North Precinct of the town of Braintree, which afterwards was to be the town of Quincy. ¶ The nearest neighbor to the village preacher was John Adams, shoemaker and farmer. Each Sunday in the amen corner of the Reverend John Hancock's meetinghouse, was mustered the well washed and combed brood of Mr. and Mrs. Adams. Now, this John Adams had a son whom the Reverend John Hancock baptized, also named John, two years older than John the son of the preacher. And young John Adams and John Hancock (Number Three) used to fish and swim together, and go nutting, and set traps for squirrels, and help each other in fractions. And then they would climb trees, and wrestle, and sometimes fight. In the fights, they say, John Hancock used to get the better of his antagonist, but as an exploiter of fractions John Adams was more than his equal.

The parents of John Adams were industrious and savin'—the little farm prospered, for Boston supplied a goodly market, and weekly trips were made there in a one-horse cart, often piloted by young John, with the minister's boy for ballast. The Adams family had ambitions for their son John—he was to go to Harvard and be educated, and be a minister and preach at Braintree, or Weymouth, or perhaps even Boston!

In the meantime the Reverend John Hancock had died, and the widowed mother was not able to give her boy a college education—times were hard.

But the lad's uncle, Thomas Hancock, a prosperous merchant of Boston, took quite an interest in young John. And it occurred to him to adopt the fatherless boy, legally, as his own. The mother demurred, but after some months decided that it was best so, for when twenty-one he would be her boy just as much and as truly as if his uncle had not adopted him. And so the rich uncle took him, and rigged him out with a deal finer clothing than he had ever before worn, and sent him to the Latin School and afterward over to Cambridge, with silver jingling in his pocket.

Prosperity is a severe handicap to youth; not very many grown men can stand it; but beyond a needless display of velvet coats and frilled shirts, the young man stood the test, and got through Harvard. In point of scholarship he did not stand so high as John Adams; and between the lads there grew a small but well-defined gulf, as is but natural between homespun and broadcloth. Still the gulf was not impassable, for over it friendly favors were occasionally passed ❧ ❧

John Hancock's mother wanted him to be a preacher, but Uncle Thomas would not listen to it—the youth must be taught to be a merchant, so he could be the ready helper and then the successor of his foster-father.

Graduating at the early age of seventeen, John Hancock at once went to work in his uncle's countinghouse in Boston. He was a fine, tall fellow with dash and spirit, and seemed to show considerable aptitude for the work. The business prospered, and Uncle Thomas was very proud of his handsome ward who was quite in demand at parties and balls

and in a general social way, while the uncle could not dance a minuet to save him.

Not needing the young man very badly around the store, the uncle sent him to Europe to complete his education by travel. He went with the retiring Governor Pownal, whose taste for social enjoyment was very much in accord with his own. In England, he attended the funeral of George the Second, and saw the coronation of George the Third, little thinking the while that he would some day make violent efforts to snatch from that crown its brightest jewel.

When young Hancock was twenty-seven, the uncle died, and left to him his entire fortune of three hundred fifty thousand dollars. It made him one of the very richest men in the Colony—for at that time there was not a man in Massachusetts worth half a million dollars.

The jingling silver in his pocket when sent to Harvard had severely tested his moral fiber, but this great fortune came near smothering all his native commonsense. If a man makes his money himself, he stands a certain chance of growing as the pile grows. There is a little doubt as to the soundness of Emerson's epigram, that what you put into his chest you take out of the man. More than this, when a man gradually accumulates wealth, it attracts little attention, so the mob that follows the newly rich never really gets onto the scent. And besides that, the man who makes his own fortune always stands ready to repel boarders.

There may be young men of twenty-seven who are men grown, and no doubt every man of twenty-seven is very sure that he is one of these; but the thought that man is

mortal never occurs to either men or women until they are past thirty. The blood is warm, conquest lies before, and to seize the world by the tail and snap its head off seems both easy and desirable.

The promoters, the flatterers and friends until then unknown flocked to Hancock and condoled with him on the death of his uncle. Some wanted small loans to tide over temporary emergencies, others had business ventures in hand whereby John Hancock could double his wealth very shortly. Still others spoke of wealth being a trust, and to use money to help your fellow-men, and thus to secure the gratitude of many, was the proper thing.

The unselfishness of the latter suggestion appealed to Hancock. To be the friend of humanity, to assist others—this is the highest ambition to which a man can aspire! And, of course, if one is pointed out on the street as the good Mr. Hancock it can not be helped. It is the penalty of well-doing

So in order to give work to many and to promote the interests of Boston, a thriving city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, for all good men wish to build up the place in which they live, John Hancock was induced to embark in shipbuilding. He also owned several ships of his own which traded with London and the West Indies, and was part owner of others. But he publicly explained that he did not care to make money for himself—his desire was to give employment to the worthy poor and to enhance the good of Boston.

The aristocratic company of militia, known as the Governor's Guard, had been fitted out with new uniforms and arms by

the generous Hancock, and he had been chosen commanding officer, with rank of Colonel. He drilled with the crack company and studied the manual much more diligently than he ever had his Bible.

Hancock lived in the mansion, inherited from his uncle, on Beacon Street, facing the Common. There was a chariot and six horses for state occasions, much fine furniture from over the sea, elegant clothes that the Puritans called "gaudy apparel," and at the dinners the wine flowed freely, and cards, dancing and music filled many a night.

The Puritan neighbors were shocked, and held up their hands in horror to think that the son of a minister should so affront the staid and sober customs of his ancestors. Still others said, "Why, that 's what a rich man should do—spend his money, of course; Hancock is the benefactor of his kind; just see how many people he employs!"

The town was all agog, and Hancock was easily Boston's first citizen, but in his time of prosperity he did not forget his old friends. He sent for them to come and make merry with him; and among the first in his good offices was John Adams, the rising young lawyer of Braintree.

John Adams had found clients scarce, and those he had, poor pay, but when he became the trusted legal adviser of John Hancock, things took a turn and prosperity came that way. The wine and cards and dinners had n't much attraction for him, but still there were no conscientious scruples in the way. He patted John Hancock on the back, assured him that he was the people, looked after his interests loyally, and extracted goodly fees for services performed.

At the home of Adams at Braintree, Hancock had met a quiet, taciturn individual by the name of Samuel Adams. This man he had long known in a casual way, but had never been able really to make his acquaintance. He was fifteen years older than Hancock, and by his quiet dignity and self-possession made quite an impression on the young man. ¶ So, now that prosperity had smiled, Hancock invited him to his house, but the quiet man was an ascetic and neither played cards, drank wine nor danced, and so declined with thanks

But not long after, he requested a small loan from the merchant-prince, and asked it as though it were his right, and so he got it. His manner was in such opposition to the flatterers and those who crawled, and whined, and begged, that Hancock was pleased with the man. Samuel Adams had declined Hancock's social favors, and yet, in asking for a loan, showed his friendliness.

Samuel Adams was a politician, and had long taken an active part in the town meetings. In fact, to get a measure through, it was well to have Samuel Adams at your side. He was clear-headed, astute, and knew the human heart. Yet he talked but little, and the convivial ways of the small politician were far from him; but in the fine art that can manage men and never let them know they are managed he was a past-master. Tucked in his sleeve, no doubt, was a degree of pride in his power, but the stoic quality in his nature never allowed him to break into laughter when he considered how he led men by the nose.

In Boston and its vicinity, Samuel Adams was not highly

regarded, and outside of Boston, at forty years of age, he was positively unknown. The neighbors regarded him as a harmless fanatic, sane on most subjects, but possessed of a buzzing bee in his bonnet to the effect that the Colonies should be separated from their protector, England. Samuel Adams neglected his business and kept up a fusillade of articles in the newspapers, on various political subjects, and men who do this are regarded everywhere as "queer." A professional newspaper-writer never takes his calling seriously—it is business. He writes to please his employer, or if he owns the paper himself, he still writes to please his employer, that is to say, the public. Journalism, thy name is pander!

The man who comes up the stairway furtively, with an MS. he wants printed, is in dead earnest; and he has excited the ridicule, wrath or pity of editors for three hundred years. Such a one was Samuel Adams. His wife did her own work, and the grocer with bills in his hand often grew red in the face and knocked in vain.

And yet the keen intellect of Samuel Adams was not a thing to smile at. Any one who stood before him, face to face, felt the power of the man, and acknowledged it then and there, as we always do when we stand in the presence of a strong individuality. And this inward acknowledgment of worth was instinctively made by John Hancock, the biggest man in all Boston town.

John Hancock, through his genial, glowing personality, and his lavish spending of money, was very popular. He was being fed on flattery, and the more a man gets of

flattery, once the taste is acquired, the more he craves. It is like the mad thirst for liquor, or the romeike habit.

John Hancock was getting attention, and he wanted more. He had been chosen selectman to fill the place his uncle had occupied, and when Samuel Adams incidentally dropped a remark that good men were needed in the General Court, John Hancock agreed with him.

He was named for the office and with Samuel Adams' help was easily elected.

Not long after this, the sloop "Liberty" was seized by the government officials for violation of the revenue laws. The craft was owned by John Hancock and had surreptitiously landed a cargo of wine without paying duty.

When the ship of Boston's chief citizen was seized by the bumptious, gilt-braided British officials, there was a merry uproar. All the men in the shipyards quit work, and the Calkers' Club, of which Samuel Adams was secretary, passed hot resolutions and revolutionary preambles and eulogies of John Hancock, who was doing so much for Boston ✍ ✍

In fact, there was a riot, and three regiments of British troops were ordered to Boston.

And this was the very first step on the part of England to enforce her authority, by arms, in America.

The troops were in the town to preserve order, but the mob would not disperse. Upon the soldiers, they heaped every indignity and insult ✍ They dared them to shoot, and with clubs and stones drove the soldiers before them. At last the troops made a stand and in order to save them-

selves from absolute rout fired a volley. Five men fell dead —and the mob dispersed.

This was the so-called Boston massacre.

Pinkerton guards would blush at bagging so small a game with a volley. They have done better again and again at Pittsburgh, Pottsville and Chicago.

The riot was quelled, and out of the scrimmage various suits were instigated by the Crown against John Hancock, in the Court of Admiralty. The claims against him amounted to over three hundred thousand dollars, and the charge was that he had long been evading the revenue laws. John Adams was his attorney, with Samuel Adams as counsel, and vigorous efforts for prosecution and defense were being made.

¶ If the Crown were successful the suits would confiscate the entire Hancock estate—matters were getting in a serious way. Witnesses were summoned, but the trial was staved off from time to time.

Hancock had refused to follow Samuel Adams' lead in the controversy with Governor Hutchinson as to the right to convene the General Court. The report was that John Hancock was growing lukewarm and siding with the Tories. A year had passed since the massacre had occurred, and the agitators proposed to commemorate the day.

Colonel Hancock had appeared in many prominent parts, but never as an orator.

"Why not show the town what you can do!" some one said.

¶ So John Hancock was invited to deliver the oration. He did so to an immense concourse. The address was read from the written page. It overflowed with wisdom and patriotism;

and the earnestness and eloquence of the well-rounded periods was the talk of the town.

The knowing ones went around corners and roared with laughter, but Samuel Adams said not a word. The charge was everywhere made by the captious and bickering that the speech was written by another, and that, moreover, John Hancock had not even a very firm hold on its import. It was the one speech of his life. Anyway, it so angered General Gage that he removed Colonel Hancock from his command of the cadets.

An order was out for Hancock's arrest, and he and Samuel Adams were in hiding.

The British troops marched out to Lexington to capture them, but Paul Revere was two hours ahead, and when the redcoats arrived the birds had flown.

Then came the expulsion of the British, the closing of all courts, the Admiralty included. The merchant-prince breathed easier, and that was the last of the Crown vs. John Hancock.

DURING the months that had gone before, when the Hancock mansion was gay with floral decorations, and servants in livery stood at the door with silver trays, and the dancing-hall was bright with mirth and music, Samuel Adams had quietly been working his Bureau of Correspondence to the end that the thirteen Colonies of America should come together in convention. Chief mover of the plan, and the one man in Massachusetts who was giving all his time to it, he dictated whom Massachusetts should send as delegates ✍ This delegation, as we know, included John Hancock, John Adams and Samuel Adams himself ✍ ✍

From the danger of Lexington, Hancock and Adams made their way to Philadelphia to attend the Second Congress. ¶ At that time the rich men of New England were hurriedly making their way into the English fold. Some thought that the mother country had been harsh, but, still, England had only acted within her right, and she was well able to back up this authority. She had regiment upon regiment of trained fighting men, warships, and money to build more. The Colonies had no army, no ships, no capital.

Only those who have nothing to lose can afford to resist lawful authority—back into the fold they went, penitent and under their breath cursing the bull-headed men who insisted on plunging the country into red war.

Out in the cold world stood John Hancock, alone, save for Bowdoin, among the aristocrats of New England ✍ The British would confiscate his property, his splendid house—all would be gone!

"It will all be gone, anyway," calmly suggested Samuel Adams. "You know those suits against you in the Admiralty Court?"

"Yes, yes!"

"And if we can unite these thirteen Colonies an army can be raised, and we can separate ourselves entire, in which case there will be glory for somebody."

John Hancock, the rich, the ambitious, the pleasure-loving, had burned his bridges ❧ He was in the hands of Samuel Adams, and his infamy was one with this man who was a professional agitator, and who had nothing to lose.

General Gage had made an offer of pardon to all—all, save two men—Samuel Adams and John Hancock. Back into the fold tumbled the Tories, but against John Hancock the gates were barred. John Adams, Attorney of the Hancock estate, rubbed his chin, and decided to stand by the ship —sink or swim, survive or perish.

Down in his heart Samuel Adams grimly smiled, but on his cold, pale face there was no sign.

The British held Boston secure, and in the splendid mansion of Hancock lived the rebel, Lord Percy, England's pet. The furniture, plate and keeping of the place were quite to his liking ❧ ❧

Hancock's ambitions grew as the days went by. The fight was on. His property was in the hands of the British, and a price was upon his head. He, too, now had nothing to lose. If England could be whipped he would get his property back, and the honors of victory would be his, beside.

Ambition grew apace; he studied the Manual of Arms as

never before, and made himself familiar with the lives of Cæsar and Alexander. At Harvard, he had read the Anabasis on compulsion, but now he read it with zest.

The Second Congress was a Congress of action; the first had been one merely of conference. A presiding officer was required, and Samuel Adams quietly pushed his man to the front. He let it be known that Hancock was the richest man in New England, perhaps in America, and a power in every emergency.

John Hancock was given the office of presiding officer, the place of honor.

The thought never occurred to him that the man on the floor is the man who acts, and the individual in the chair is only a referee, an onlooker of the contest. When a man is chosen to preside he is safely out of the way, and no one knew this better than that clear-headed man, wise as a serpent, Samuel Adams.

Hancock was intent on being chosen Commander of the Continental Army. The war was in Massachusetts, her principal port closed, all business at a standstill. Hancock was a soldier, and the chief citizen of Massachusetts—the command should go to him.

Samuel Adams knew this could never be.

To hold the Southern Colonies and give the cause a show of reason before the world, an aristocrat with something to lose, and without a personal grievance, must be chosen, and the man must be from the South. To get Hancock in a position where his mouth would be stopped, he was placed in the chair. It was a master move.

Colonel George Washington was already a hero; he had fought valiantly for England. His hands were clean; while Hancock was openly called a smuggler. Washington was nominated by John Adams. The motion was seconded by Samuel Adams. Hancock turned first red and then deathly pale. He grasped the arms of his chair with both hands, and—put the question.

It was unanimous.

Hancock's fame seems to rest on the fact that he was presiding officer of the Congress that passed the Declaration of Independence, and therefore its first signer, and, without consideration for cost of ink and paper, wrote his name in poster letters. When you look upon the Declaration the first thing you see is the signature of John Hancock, and you recall his remark, "I guess King George can read that without spectacles." The whole action was melodramatic, and although a bold signature has ever been said to betoken a bold heart, it has yet to be demonstrated that boys who whistle going through the woods are indifferent to danger. "Conscious weakness takes strong attitudes," says Delsarte. The strength of Hancock's signature was an affectation quite in keeping with his habit of riding about Boston in a coach-and-six, with outriders in uniform, and servants in livery

When Hancock wrote to Washington asking for an appointment in the army, the wise and far-seeing chief replied with gentle words of praise concerning Colonel Hancock's record, and wound up by saying that he regretted there was no place at his disposal worthy of Colonel Hancock's

qualifications. Well did he know that Hancock was not quite patriot enough to fill a lowly rank.

The part that Hancock played in the eight years of war was inconspicuous. However, there was little spirit of revenge in his character: he sometimes scolded, but he did not hate. He never allowed personal animosities to make him waver in his loyalty to independence ✍ In fact, with a price upon his head, but one course was open for him.

Just before Washington was inaugurated President, he visited Boston, and a curious struggle took place between him and Hancock, who was Governor. It was all a question of etiquette—which should make the first call. Each side played a waiting game, and at last Hancock's gout came in as an excellent excuse and the country was saved.

In one of his letters, Hancock says, "The entire Genteel portion of the town was invited to my House, while on the sidewalk I had a cask of Madeira for the Common People." His repeated re-election as Governor proves his popularity. Through lavish expenditure, his fortune was much reduced, and for many years he was sorely pressed for funds, his means being tied up in unproductive ways.

His last triumph, as Governor, was to send a special message to the Legislature, informing that body that "a company of Aliens and Foreigners have entered the State, and the Metropolis of Government, and under advertisements insulting to all Good Men and Ladies have been pleased to invite them to attend certain Stage-plays, Interludes and Theatrical Entertainments under the Style and Appellation of Moral

Lectures. . . . All of which must be put a stop to to once and the Rogues and Varlots punished."

A few days after this, "the Aliens and Foreigners" gave a presentation of Sheridan's "School for Scandal." In the midst of the performance the sheriff and a posse made a rush upon the stage and bagged all the offenders.

When their trial came on, the next day, the "varlots and vagroms" had secured high legal talent to defend them, one of which counsel was Harrison Gray Otis. The actors were discharged on the slim technicality that the warrants of arrest had not been properly verified.

However, the theater was closed, but the "Common People" made such an unseemly howl about "rights" and all that, that the Legislature made haste to repeal the law which provided that play-actors should be flogged.

Hancock defaulted in his stewardship as Treasurer of Harvard College, and only escaped arrest for embezzlement through the fact that he was Governor of the State, and no process could be served upon him. After his death his estate paid nine years' simple interest on his deficit, and ten years thereafter the principal was paid.

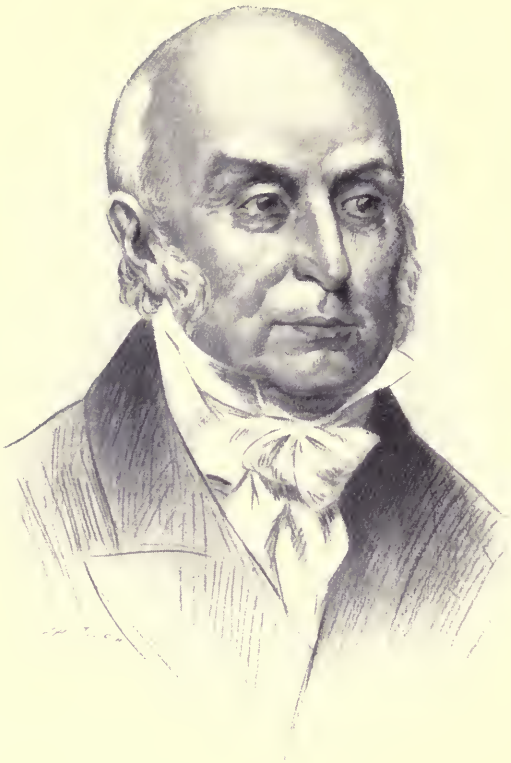
His widow married Captain Scott, who was long in Hancock's employ as master of a brig; and we find the worthy captain proudly exclaiming, "I have embarked on the sea of matrimony, and am now at the helm of the Hancock mansion!"

¶ No biography of Governor Hancock has ever been written. The record of his life flutters only in newspaper paragraphs, letters, and chance mention in various diaries.

Hancock did not live to see John Adams President. Worn

by worry, and grown old before his time, he died at the early age of fifty-six, of a combination of gout and that unplebeian complaint we now term Bright's Disease.

Thirty-three years after, hale old John Adams down at Quincy spoke of him as "a clever fellow, a bit spoiled by a legacy, whom I used to know in my younger days." He left no descendants, and his heirs were too intent on being in at the death to care for his memory. They neither preserved the data of his life, nor over his grave placed a headstone. The monument that now marks his resting-place was recently erected by the State of Massachusetts. He was buried in the Old Granary Burying-Ground, on Tremont Street, and only a step from his grave sleeps his friend Samuel Adams.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

# JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

TO the guidance of the legislative councils; to the assistance of the executive and subordinate departments; to the friendly co-operation of the respective State Governments; to the candid and liberal support of the people, so far as it may be deserved by honest industry and zeal, I shall look for whatever success may attend my public service; and knowing that "except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh in vain," with fervent supplications for His favor, to His overruling providence I commit, with humble but fearless confidence, my own fate and the future destinies of my country.

—"Inaugural Address."

# JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

NINE miles South of Boston, just a little back from the escalloped shores of Old Ocean, lies the village of Braintree. It is on the Plymouth post-road, being one of that string of settlements, built a few miles apart for better protection, that lined the sea. Boston being crowded, and Plymouth full to overflowing, the home-seekers spread out North and South. In Sixteen Hundred Twenty, when the first cabin was built at Braintree, land that was not in sight of the coast had actually no value. Back a mile, all was a howling wilderness, with trails made by wild beasts or savage men as wild. These paths led through tangles of fallen trees and tumbled rocks, beneath dark, overhanging pines where Winter's snows melted not till Midsummer, and the sun's rays were strange and alien. Men who sought to traverse these ways had to crouch and crawl or climb. Through them no horse or ox or beast of burden had carried its load. ¶ But up from the sea the ground rose gradually for a mile, and along this slope that faced the tide, wind and storm had partly cleared the ground, and on the hillsides our forefathers made their homes. The houses were built facing either the East or the South. This persistence to face

either the sun or the sea shows a last, strange rudiment of paganism, making queer angles now that surveyors have come with Gunter's chain and transit, laying out streets and doing their work.

A mile out, North of Braintree, on the Boston road, came, in Sixteen Hundred Twenty-five, one Captain Wollaston, a merry wight, and thirty boon companions, all of whom probably left England for England's good. They were in search of gold and pelf, and all were agreed on one point: they were quite too good to do any hard work. Their camp was called Mount Wollaston, or the Merry Mount. Our gallant gentlemen cultivated the friendship of the Indians, in the hope that they would reveal the caves and caverns where the gold grew lush and nuggets cumbered the way; and the Indians, liking the drink they offered, brought them meal and corn and furs.

And so the thirty set up a Maypole, adorned with bucks' horns, and drank and feasted, and danced like fairies or furies, the livelong day or night. So scandalously did these exiled lords behave that good folks made a wide circuit 'round to avoid their camp.

Preaching had been in vain, and prayers for the conversion of the wretches remained unanswered. So the neighbors held a convention, and decided to send Captain Miles Standish with a posse to teach the merry men manners. ¶ Standish appeared among the bacchanalians one morning, perfectly sober, and they were not. He arrested the captain, and bade the others begone. The leader was shipped back to England, with compliments and regrets, and the thirty

scattered. This was the first move in that quarter in favor of local option.

Six years later, the land thereabouts was granted and apportioned out to the Reverend John Wilson, William Coddington, Edward Quinsey, James Penniman, Moses Payne and Francis Eliot.

And these men and their families built houses and founded "the North Precinct of the Town of Braintree."

Between the North Precinct and the South Precinct there was continual rivalry. Boys who were caught over the dead-line, which was marked by Deacon Penniman's house, had to fight. Thus things continued until Seventeen Hundred Ninety-two, when one John Adams was Vice-President of the United States. Now this John Adams, lawyer, was the son of John Adams, honest farmer and cordwainer, who had bought the Penniman homestead, and whose progenitor, Henry Adams, had moved there in Sixteen Hundred Thirty-six. John Adams, Vice-President, afterwards President, was born there in the Penniman house, and was regarded as a neutral, although he had been thrashed by boys both from the North and from the South Precinct. But at the last, there is no such thing as neutrality. John Adams sided with the boys from the North Precinct, and now that he was in power it occurred to him, having had a little experience in the revolutionary line, that for the North Precinct to secede from the great town of Braintree would be but proper and right. ¶ The North Precinct had six stores that sold W. I. goods, and a tavern that sold W. E. T. goods, and it should have a post-office of its own.

So John Adams suggested the matter to Richard Cranch, who was his brother-in-law and near neighbor. Cranch agitated the matter, and the new town, which was the old, was incorporated. They called it Quincy, probably because Abigail, John's wife, insisted upon it. She had named her eldest boy Quincy, in honor of her grandfather, whose father's name was Quinsey, and who had relatives who spelled it De Quincey, one of which tribe was an opium-eater

Now, when Abigail made a suggestion, John usually heeded it. For Abigail was as wise as she was good, and John well knew that his success in life had come largely from the help, counsel and inspiration vouchsafed to him by this splendid woman. And the man who will not let a woman have her way in all such small matters as naming of babies or towns is not much of a man.

So the town was named Quincy, and brother-in-law Cranch was appointed its first postmaster. Shortly after, the Boston "Centinel" contained a sarcastic article over the signature, "Old Subscriber," concerning the distribution of official patronage among kinsmen, and the Eliots and the Everetts gossiped over back fences.

At this time Abigail lived in the cottage there on the Plymouth road, halfway between Braintree and Quincy, but she got her mail at Quincy.

The Adams cottage is there now, and the next time you are in Boston you had better go out and see it, just as June and I did one bright October day.

June has lived within an hour's ride of the Adams' home

all her blessed thirty-two sunshiny Summers; she also boasts a Mayflower ancestry, with, however, a slight infusion of Castle Garden, like myself, to give firmness of fiber—and yet she had never been to Quincy.

The John and Abigail cottage was built in Seventeen Hundred Sixteen, so says a truthful brick found in the quaint old chimney. Deacon Penniman built this house for his son, and it faces the sea, although the older Penniman house faces the South. John Adams was born in the older house; but when he used to go to Weymouth every Wednesday and Saturday evening to see Abigail Smith, the minister's daughter, his father, the worthy shoemaker, told him that when he got married he could have the other house for himself ❧ ❧

John was a bright young lawyer then, a graduate of Harvard, where he had been sent in hopes that he would become a minister, for one-half the students then at Harvard were embryo preachers. But John did not take to theology.

He had witnessed ecclesiastical tennis and theological pitch and toss in Braintree that had nearly split the town, and he decided on the law. One thing sure, he could not work: he was not strong enough for that—everybody said so. And right here seems a good place to call attention to the fact that weak men, like those who are threatened, live long. John Adams' letters to his wife reveal a very frequent reference to liver complaint, lung trouble, and that tired feeling, yet he lived to be ninety-two.

The Reverend Mr. Smith did not at first favor the idea of his daughter Abigail marrying John Adams. The Adams

family were only farmers (and shoemakers when it rained), while the Smiths had aristocracy on their side ✍ He said lawyers were men who got bad folks out of trouble and good folks in. But Abigail said that this lawyer was different; and as Mr. Smith saw it was a love-match, and, such things being difficult to combat successfully, he decided he would do the next best thing—give the young couple his blessing. Yet the neighbors were quite scandalized to think that their pastor's daughter should hold converse over the gate with a lawyer, and they let the clergyman know it as neighbors then did, and sometimes do now. Then did the Reverend Mr. Smith announce that he would preach a sermon on the sin of meddling with other folk's business. As his text he took the passage from Luke, seventh chapter, thirty-third verse: "For John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine; and ye say, he hath a devil."

The neighbors saw the point, for a short time before, when the eldest daughter, Mary, had married Richard Cranch (the man who was to achieve a post-office), the community had entered a protest, and the Reverend Mr. Smith had preached from Luke, tenth chapter, forty-second verse: "And Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." So there, now!

And John and Abigail were married one evening at early candlelight, in the church at Weymouth. The good father performed the ceremony, and nearly broke down during it, they say, and then he kissed both bride and groom.

The neighbors had repaired to the parsonage and were eating and drinking and making merry when John and Abigail

slipped out by the back gate, and made their way, hand in hand, in the starlight, down the road that ran through the woods to Braintree. When near the village they cut across the pasture-lot and reached their cottage, which for several weeks they had been putting in order. John unlocked the front door, and they entered over the big, flat stone at the entry, and over which you may enter now, all sunken and worn by generations of men gone. Some whose feet have pressed that doorstep we count as the salt of the earth, for their names are written large on history's page. Washington rode out there on horseback, and while his aide held his horse, he visited and drank mulled cider and ate doughnuts within. Hancock came often, and Otis, Samuel Adams and Loring used to enter without plying the knocker.

Through the earnest work of William G. Spear, the cottage has now been restored and fully furnished, as near like it was then as knowledge, fancy and imagination can devise ❧ ❧

When we reached Quincy we saw a benevolent-looking old Puritan, and June said, "Ask him!"

"Can you tell me where we can find Mr. Spear, the antiquarian?" I inquired.

"The which?" said the son of Priscilla Mullins.

"Mr. Spear, the antiquarian," I repeated.

"It 's not Bill Spear who keeps a secondhand-shop, you want, mebbe?"

"Yes; I think that is the man."

And so we were directed to the "secondhand-shop," which proved to be the rooms of the Quincy Historical Society.

And there we saw such a collection of secondhand stuff that, as we looked and looked, and Mr. Spear explained, and gave large slices of Colonial history, June, who is a Daughter of the American Revolution, gushed a trifle more than was meet.

Nothing short of a hundred years will set the seal of value on an article for Mr. Spear, and one hundred fifty is more like it. On his walls are hats, caps, spurs, boots and accouterments used in the Revolutionary War. Then there are candlesticks, snuffers, spectacles, butter-molds, bonnets, dresses, shoes, baby-stockings, cradles, rattles, aprons, butter-tubs made out of a solid piece, shovels to match, andirons, pokers, skillets and blue china galore.

"Bill Spear" himself is quite a curiosity. He traces a lineage to the well-known Lieutenant Seth Spear, of Revolutionary fame, and back of that to John Alden who spoke for himself. The bark on the antiquarian is rather rough; and I regret to say that he makes use of a few words I can not find in the "Century Dictionary," but as June was not shocked I managed to stand it. On further acquaintance I concluded that Mr. Spear's bruskness was assumed, and that beneath the tough husk there beats a very tender heart. He is one of those queer fellows who do good by stealth and abuse you roundly if accused of it.

For twenty-five years Mr. Spear has been doing little else but studying Colonial history, and making love to old ladies who own clocks and skillets given them by their great-grandmammas. There is no doubt that Spear has dictated clauses in a hundred wills devising that William G. Spear,

Custodian of the Quincy Historical Society, shall have snuffers and biscuit-molds.

At first, Mr. Spear collected for his own amusement and benefit, but the trouble grew upon him until it became chronic, and one fine day he realized that he was not immortal and when he should die, all his collection, which had taken years to accumulate, would be scattered. And so he founded the Quincy Historical Society, incorporated by a perpetual charter, with Charles Francis Adams, grandson of John Quincy Adams, as first president.

Then, the next thing was to secure the cottage where John and Abigail Adams began housekeeping, and where John Quincy was born. This house has been in the Adams family all these years and been rented to the firm of Tom, Dick and Harry, and any of their tribe who would agree to pay ten dollars a month for its use and abuse. Just across the road from the cottage lives a fine old soul by the name of John Crane. Mr. Crane is somewhere between seventy and a hundred years old, but he has a young heart, a face like Gladstone and a memory like a copy-book. Mr. Crane was on very good terms with John Quincy Adams, knew him well and had often seen him come here to collect rent. He told me that during his recollection the Adams place had been occupied by full forty families. But now, thanks to "Bill Spear," it is no longer for rent. ¶ The house has been raised from the ground, new sills placed under it, and while every part—scantling, rafter, joist, crossbeam, lath and weatherboard—of the original house has been retained, it has been put in such order that it is no longer going to ruin.

¶ From the ample stores of his various antiquarian depositories Mr. Spear has refurnished it; and with a ripe knowledge and rare good taste and restraining imagination, the cottage is now shown to us as a Colonial farmhouse of the year Seventeen Hundred Fifty. The wonder to me is that Mr. Spear, being human, did not move his "secondhand-shop" down here and make of the place a curiosity-shop. But he has done better.

¶ As you step across the doorsill and pass from the little entry into the "living-room," you pause and murmur, "Excuse me." For there is a fire on the hearth, the teapot sings softly, and on the back of a chair hangs a sunbonnet. And over there on the table is an open Bible, and on the open page is a pair of spectacles and a red, crumpled handkerchief. Yes, the folks are at home: they have just stepped into the next room—perhaps are eating dinner. And so you sit down in an old hickory chair, or in the high settle that stands against the wall by the fireplace, and wait, expecting every moment that the kitchen-door will creak on its wooden hinges, and Abigail, smiling and gentle, will enter to greet you. Mr. Spear understands, and, disappearing, leaves you to your thoughts—and June's.

John and Abigail were lovers their lifetime through. Their published letters show a oneness of thought and sentiment that, viewed across the years, moves us to tears to think that such as they should at last feebly totter, and then turn to dust. But here they came in the joyous Springtime of their lives; upon this floor you tread the ways their feet have trod; these walls have echoed to their singing voices, listened to their counsels, and seen love's caress.

There is no surplus furniture nor display nor setting forth of useless things. Every article you see has its use. The little shelf of books, well-thumbed, displays no "Trilby" nor "Quest of the Golden Girl"—not an anachronism anywhere. Curtains, chairs, tables, and the one or two pictures—all ring true. In the kitchen are washtubs and butter-ladles and bowls; and the lantern hanging by the chimney, with a dipped candle inside, has a carefully scraped horn face. It is a lanthorn. In the cupboard across the corner are blue china and pewter spoons and steel knives, with just a little polished-brass stuff sent from England. Down in the cellar, with its dirt walls, are apples, yellow pumpkins and potatoes—each in its proper place, for Abigail was a rare good housekeeper. Then there is a barrel of cider, with a hickory spigot and an inviting gourd. All tells of economy, thrift, industry and the cunning of woman's hands.

In the kitchen is a funny cradle, hooded, and cut out of a great pine log. The little mattress and the coverlet seem disturbed, and you would declare the baby had just been lifted out, and you listen for its cry. The rocker is worn by the feet of mothers whose hands were busy with needles or wheel as they rocked and sang. And from the fact that it is in the kitchen, you know that the servant-girl problem then had no terrors.

Overhead hang ears of corn, bunches of dried catnip, penny-royal and boneset, and festooned across the corner are strings of dried apples.

Then you go upstairs, with conscience pricking a bit for thus visiting the house of honest folks when they are away,

for you know how all good housewives dislike to have people prying about, especially in the upper chambers—at least June said so!

The room to the right was Abigail's own. You would know it was a woman's room. There is a faint odor of lavender and thyme about it, and the white and blue draperies around the little mirror, and the little feminine nothings on the dresser, reveal the lady who would appear well before the man she loves. ¶ The bed is a high, draped four-poster, plain and solid, evidently made by a ship-carpenter who had ambitions. The coverlet is light blue, and matches the draperies of windows, dresser and mirror. On the pillow is a nightcap, in which even a homely woman would be beautiful. There is a clothespress in the corner, into which Mr. Spear says we may look. On the door is a slippery-elm button, and within, hanging on wooden pegs, are dainty dresses; stiff, curiously embroidered gowns they are, that came from across the sea, sent, perhaps, by John Adams when he went to France, and left Abigail here to farm and sew and weave and teach the children ❧ ❧

June examined the dresses carefully, and said the embroidery was handmade, and must have taken months and months to complete. On a high shelf of the closet are bandboxes, in which are bonnets, astonishing bonnets, with prodigious flaring fronts. Mr. Spear insisted that June should try one on, and when she did we stood off and declared the effect was a vision of loveliness. Outside the clothespress, on a peg, hangs a linsey-woolsey, every-day gown that shows marks of wear. The waist came just under June's arms,

and the bottom of the dress to her shoe-tops. We asked Mr. Spear the price of it, but the custodian is not commercial. In a corner of the room is a cedar chest containing hand-woven linen.

By the front window is a little, low desk, with a leaf that opens out for a writing-shelf. And here you see quill-pens, fresh nibbed, and ink in a curious well made from horn. Here it was that Abigail wrote those letters to her lover-husband when he attended those first and second Congresses in Philadelphia; and then when he was in France and England, those letters in which we see affection, loyalty, tales of babies with colic, brave, political good sense, and all those foolish trifles that go to fill up love-letters, and, at the last, are their divine essence and charm.

Here, she wrote the letter telling of going with their seven-year-old boy, John Quincy, to Penn's Hill to watch the burning of Charlestown; and saw the flashing of cannons and rising smoke that marked the battle of Bunker Hill. Here she wrote to her husband when he was minister to England, "This little cottage has more comfort and satisfaction for you than the courts of royalty."

But of all the letters written by that brave woman none reveals her true nobility better than the one written to her husband the day he became President of the United States. Here it is entire:

Quincy, 8 February, 1797.

"The sun is dressed in brightest beams,
To give thy honors to the day."

"And may it prove an auspicious prelude to each ensuing

season. You have this day to declare yourself head of a Nation. And now, O Lord, my God, Thou hast made Thy servant ruler over the people. Give unto him an understanding heart, that he may know how to go out and come in before this great people; that he may discern between good and bad. For who is able to judge this Thy so great a people, were the words of a royal Sovereign; and not less applicable to him who is invested with the Chief Magistracy of a nation, though he wear not a crown, nor the robes of royalty.

"My thoughts and my meditations are with you, though personally absent; and my petitions to Heaven are that the things which make for peace may not be hidden from your eyes. My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation upon the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts, and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be the daily prayer of your

A. A."

It was in this room that Abigail waited while British soldiers ransacked the rooms below and made bullets of the best pewter spoons. Here her son who was to be President was born

John Quincy Adams was six years old when his father kissed him good-by and rode away for Philadelphia with John Hancock and Samuel Adams (who rode a horse loaned him by John Adams). Abigail stood in the doorway holding

the baby, and watched them disappear in the curve of the road. This was in August, Seventeen Hundred Seventy-four. Most of the rest of that year Abigail was alone with her babies on the little farm. It was the same next year, and in Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six, too, when John Adams wrote home that he had made the formal move for Independency and also nominated George Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the army; and he hoped things would soon be better.

Those were troublous times in which to live in the vicinity of Boston. There were straggling troops passing up and down the Plymouth road every day. Sometimes they were redcoats and sometimes buff and blue, but all seemed to be very hungry and extremely thirsty, and the Adams household received a deal more attention than it courted. The master of the house was away, but all seemed to know who lived there, and the callers were not always courteous.

¶ In such a feverish atmosphere of unrest, children evolve quickly into men and women, and their faces take on the look of thought where should be only careless, happy, dimpled smiles. Yes, responsibility matures, and that is the way John Quincy Adams got cheated out of his childhood.

¶ When eight years of age, his mother called him the little man of the house. The next year he was a post-rider, making a daily trip to Boston with letter-bags across his saddlebows.

¶ When eleven years of age, his father came home to say that some one had to go to France to serve with Jay and Franklin in making a treaty.

"Go," said Abigail, "and God be with you!" But when it

was suggested that John Quincy go too, the parting did not seem so easy. But it was a fine opportunity for the boy to see the world of men, and the mother's head appreciated it even if her heart did not. And yet she had the heroism that is willing to remain behind.

So father and son sailed away; and little John Quincy added postscripts to his father's letters and said, "I send my loving duty to my mamma."

The boy took kindly to foreign ways, as boys will, and the French language had no such terrors for him as it had for his father. The first stay in Europe was only three months, and back they came on a leaky ship.

But the home-stay was even shorter than the stay abroad, and John Adams had again to cross the water on his country's business. Again the boy went with him.

It was five years before the mother saw him. And then he had gone on alone from Paris to London to meet her. She did not know him, for he was nearly eighteen and a man grown. He had visited every country in Europe and been the helper and companion of statesmen and courtiers, and seen society in its various phases. He spoke several languages, and in point of polish and manly dignity was the peer of many of his elders. Mrs. Adams looked at him and then began to cry, whether for joy or for sorrow she did not know. Her boy had gone, escaped her, gone forever, but, instead, here was a tall young diplomat calling her "mother."

There was a career ahead for John Quincy Adams—his father knew it, his mother was sure of it, and John Quincy himself was not in doubt. He could then have gone right

on, but his father was a Harvard man, and the New England superstition was strong in the Adams heart that success could only be achieved when based on a Harvard parchment. ¶ So back to Massachusetts sailed John Quincy; and a two-year course at Harvard secured the much-desired diploma

From the very time he crawled over this kitchen-floor and pushed a chair, learning to walk, or tumbled down the stairs and then made his way bravely up again alone, he knew that he would arrive. Precocious, proud, firm, and with a coldness in his nature that was not a heritage from either his father or his mother, he made his way.

It was a zigzag course, and the way was strewn with the flotsam and jetsam of wrecked parties and blighted hopes, but out of the wreckage John Quincy Adams always appeared calm, poised and serene. When he opposed the purchase of Louisiana it looks as if he allowed his animosity for Jefferson to put his judgment in chancery. He made mistakes, but this was the only blunder of his career. The record of that life expressed in bold stands thus:

1767—Born May Eleventh.
1776—Post-rider between Boston and Quincy.
1778—At school in Paris.
1780—At school in Leyden.
1781—Private Secretary to Minister to Russia.
1787—Graduated at Harvard.
1794—Minister at The Hague.
1797—Married Louise Catherine Johnson, of Maryland.
1797—Minister at Berlin.

1802—Member of Massachusetts State Senate.
1803—United States Senator.
1806—Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard.
1809—Minister to Russia.
1811—Nominated and confirmed by Senate as Judge of Supreme Court of the United States; declined.
1814—Commissioner at Ghent to treat for peace with Great Britain.
1815—Minister to Great Britain.
1817—Secretary of State.
1825—Elected President of the United States.
1830—Elected a Member of Congress, and represented the district for seventeen years.
1848—Stricken with paralysis February Twenty-first in the Capitol, and died the second day after.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Are n't we staying in this room a good while?" said June; "you have sat there staring out of that window looking at nothing for just ten minutes, and not a word have you spoken!"

Mr. Spear had disappeared into space, and so we made our way across the little hall to the room that belonged to Mr. Adams. It was in the disorder that men's rooms are apt to be. On the table were quill-pens and curious old papers with seals on them, and on one I saw the date, June Sixteenth, Seventeen Hundred Sixty-eight—the whole document written out in the hand of John Adams, beginning very prim and careful, then moving off into a hurried scrawl as spirit mastered the letter. There is a little hair-covered

trunk in the corner, studded with brass nails, and boots and leggings and canes and a jackknife and a bootjack, and, on the window-sill, a friendly snuffbox. In the clothespress were buff trousers and an embroidered coat and shoes with silver buckles, and several suits of every-day clothes, showing wear and patches.

On up to the garret we groped, and bumped our heads against the rafters. The light was dim, but we could make out more apples on strings, and roots and herbs in bunches hung from the peak. Here was a three-legged chair and a broken spinning-wheel, and the junk that is too valuable to throw away, yet not good enough to keep, but "some day may be needed."

Down the narrow stairway we went, and in the little kitchen, Sammy, the artist, and Mr. Spear, the custodian, were busy at the fireplace preparing dinner. There is no stove in the house, and none is needed. The crane and brick oven and long-handled skillets suffice. Sammy is an expert camp-cook, and swears there is death in the chafing-dish, and grows profane if you mention one. His skill in turning flapjacks by a simple manipulation of the long-handled griddle means more to his true ego than the finest canvas.

June offered to set the table, but Sammy said she could never do it alone, so together they brought out the blue china dishes and the pewter plates. Then they drew water at the stone-curbed well with the great sweep, carrying the leather-baled bucket between them.

I was feeling quite useless and asked, "Can't I do something to help? "

"There is the lye-leach!—you might bring out some ashes and make some soft-soap," said June pointing to the ancient leach and soap-kettle in the yard, the joys of Mr. Spear's heart

Sammy stood at the back door and pounded on the dishpan with a wooden spoon to announce that dinner was ready. It was quite a sumptuous meal: potatoes baked in the ashes, beans baked in the brick oven, coffee made on the hearth, fish cooked in the skillet and pancakes made on a griddle with a handle three feet long.

Mr. Spear had aspirations toward an apple-pie and had made violent efforts in that direction, but the product being dough on top and charcoal on the bottom we declined the nomination with thanks.

June suggested that pies should be baked in an oven and not cooked on a pancake griddle. The custodian thought there might be something in it—a suggestion he would have scorned and scouted had it come from me.

To change the rather painful subject, Mr. Spear began to talk about John and Abigail Adams, and to quote from their "Letters," a volume he seems to have by heart.

"Do you know why their love was so very steadfast, and why they stimulated the mental and spiritual natures of each other so?" asked June.

"No, why was it?"

"Well, I 'll tell you: it was because they spent one-third of their married life apart."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and in this way they lived in an ideal world. In all

their letters you see they are always counting the days ere they will meet. Now, people who are together all the time never write that way because they do not feel that way—I 'll leave it to Mr. Spear!"

But Mr. Spear, being a bachelor, did not know. Then the case was referred to Sammy, and Sammy lied and said he had never considered the subject.

"And would you advise, then, that married couples live apart one-third of the time, in the interests of domestic peace?" I asked.

"Certainly!" said June, with her Burne-Jones chin in the air. "Certainly; but I fear you are the man who does not understand; and anyway I am sure it will be much more profitable for us to cultivate the receptive spirit and listen to Mr. Spear—such opportunities do not come very often. I did not mean to interrupt you, Mr. Spear; go on please!" ¶ And Mr. Spear filled a clay pipe with natural leaf that he crumbled in his hand, and, deftly picking a coal from the fireplace with a shovel one hundred fifty years old, puffed five times silently, and began to talk.

SO HERE ENDETH BOOK ONE OF AMERICAN STATESMEN, THE SAME BEING ONE OF THE SERIES OF LITTLE JOURNEYS, AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD: THE BORDERS AND INITIALS BEING DESIGNED BY ROYCROFT ARTISTS, AND THE WHOLE DONE INTO A PRINTED VOLUME BY THE ROYCROFTERS, AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK, IN THE YEAR MCMXI